At Omnes Unum Sint

THE LAMP

VOL. XII. GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1914 No. 10

Entered as second-class matter, June 4, 1906, at the P. O. at Garrison, N. Y., under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

For Sion's sake I will not hold my Peace, and for the sake of Jerusalem I will not rest until the Just One comes forth as Brightness, and her Saviour be lighted as a Lamp.—*Isaias lxii: 1.*

POPE BENEDICT XV

THE Conclave of Cardinals which elected the Successor of Pope Piux X assembled in the Vatican on August 31. Fifty-seven members of the Sacred College were present. On the ninth ballot Cardinal della Chiesa received the requisite number of votes and as Pope chose the name of Benedict XV. He was solemnly crowned with the triple tiara in the Sistine Chapel on September 6, fifty-eight Cardinals and a multitude of high ecclesiastics and of the faithful being present, the ceremony being accompanied by the acclamations of the crowds, the sounding of trumpets and the ringing of bells.

HIS PREVIOUS CAREER

Pope Benedict is the two hundred and fifty-ninth Successor to St. Peter and we give here the briefest possible resumé of his life's history until he became Pope.

Giacomo della Chiesa, son of Marquis della Chiesa, was born at Pegli, in the diocese of Genoa on November 21, 1854. After a course in the Capranican College and in the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, Rome, he was ordained to the priesthood, December 21, 1878. In 1883 he was made a monsignor and shortly afterward accompanied Cardinal Rampolla to Madrid as secretary of the Papal Nunciature. When this Cardinal was made Secretary of State by Leo XIII, Mgr. della Chiesa returned to Rome and occupied various positions in the secretariate. He was first a *minutante* and later, April 23, 1901, he became substitute to the Secretary of State and also held office as Secretary of the Cypher. On May 30, 1901, he was made consultor of the Holy Office; on December 16, 1907, he was named Archbishop and was consecrated by Pius X in the Sistine Chapel, on December 22 of the same year. On February 23, 1908, he took possession of the See of Bologna in succession to Cardinal Svampa. On May 25, 1914, he was created a Cardinal.

VERITA'S PEN PICTURE OF THE NEW POPE

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard and Times* thus describes Pope Benedict XV:

In person the newly elected Pontiff is ascetic in features, bright and vivacious. In manner Benedict XV is particularly charming and gracious, and well, in truth, might it be so. To the innate charm and refinement of the educated Italian has been added a life-long training in the world of diplomats in Rome and Madrid, which fact weighed heavily with the Sacred College during its deliberations of the last three days.

But gentle and charming as is the character of the new Pope, it has another side, viz., that which brings into play courage, tenacity and perseverance. His success as Archbishop of Bologna evidences this. For there are sees *and* sees. In the history of four centuries the Archdiocese of Bologna has not been regarded as a see that a weak character could rule. The turbulent element there accounted for the broken heart of more than one Archbishop, and in the general strike that paralyzed Italy three or four months ago the city and

surroundings of Bologna took first place in riots, church looting and bloodshed. One who proved able to ride the whirlwind and stem the blast as Archbishop of Bologna with special success will know how to guide Peter's Bark amid the shoals and troubles that now surround it.

A COMBINATION OF LEO AND PIUS

It may be early in the day for a forecast of the policy of Benedict XV, but nevertheless one can come to a fair conclusion from his past history.

Benedict XV will, I believe, be a pastoral-diplomatic Pope—one who will embody the characteristics of the last two Pontiffs. He will be to the pontificate of Pius X what Leo XIII was to that of Pius IX. When Leo XIII assumed the tiara he found nearly every power in Europe at variance with the Holy See, and he spent years in remedying the situation. And now Pope Benedict, on taking his seat on Peter's throne, finds that France and Portugal no longer officially recognize the Church, that Spain has been restive, and that the European war will bring for the Holy See an entirely new era.

Will he follow the line of conduct which his old friend, Cardinal Rampolla, would have observed had he become Leo XIV? I feel inclined to think Benedict XV will do so, but in a modified form. Remember, when Cardinal Rampolla filled the Pontifical Nunciature of Madrid he had as lieutenant the newly elected Pope, and when Cardinal Rampolla stood behind Leo the Thirteenth's throne as Secretary of State, the present Pontiff filled a post of confidence in the Cardinal's office. Up to the very last he remained Cardinal Rampolla's close friend. These facts lead one to think the pontificate which has just opened will closely resemble that of Leo XIII, while the friendship that existed between Pius X and the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna will surely leave its impress upon the line of action which, as Benedict XV, the latter will pursue.

A WISE POPE NEEDED

Not since the wars of Napoleon have the exigencies of temporal kingdoms required for the throne of the Fisherman a wiser and more diplomatic Ruler of Christ's Spiritual Kingdom, the Catholic Church, than in the present hour, and we do not doubt that the Holy Spirit has chosen according to the Church's need.

There is in our new Holy Father's face a certain look of sadness which harmonizes with the distress and anguish which have overtaken the peoples of Europe and cast a gloom on all the earth beside.

Yet in the reign of Pope Benedict XV we hope the words of King David will again be happily realized: "Heaviness may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning."

Long live Pope Benedict XV.

WHY NOT BECOME A FRANCISCAN TERTIARY?

Our mail today contains a letter from a subscriber in Pennsylvania, who says:

"I would like to belong to the Third Order of St. Francis. If you have any rules please send them."

Such communications are by no means uncommon. We are always glad to receive them. Our only complaint is that we do not receive many more requests from our readers to be admitted into the Third Order of St. Francis. Of one thing we are certain that if Catholics generally fully appreciated all the benefit it would be to them for time and eternity to join the Franciscan Third Order of Penance they would rush into the Order by the tens of thousands and we would soon have a million Tertiaries of St. Francis in America alone.

In the first place the rule as modified by Pope Leo XIII is by no means difficult to observe and the rank and file of our good, pious lay folk could keep it without adding any heavy burden to what is already their practical rule of holy living. Among the many advantages Catholics secure to themselves by joining the Franciscan Third Order permit us to recommend to your consideration the following:

1. It is not a mere Sodality, or guild. The Roman Pontiffs have repeatedly declared that it is a *real* and *true Order* of the Church, having an approved rule, a novitiate, profession and habit like all other approved religious Orders.

2. It has produced a vast number of canonized Saints, founders of the mightiest religious congregations that have enriched the Church of God in modern times; missionaries, benefactors of humanity in every walk of life, and it has a sanctifying and spiritually beneficent influence on all its members. In a word you will become a better man or woman by joining it.

3. It has always tended to the social uplift and emancipation of the common people, whom we call the masses. It was so in St. Francis's day and it has been so for seven centuries since. Pope Leo XIII was the greatest authority on social questions of modern times and he did not hesitate to declare that the Third Order was one

of the foremost agencies on which he relied for the reformation of society and he did his utmost to propagate and extend it, as also did our late Holy Father, Pope Pius X.

4. Membership in the Third Order *affiliates to all three Orders* of St. Francis. For as the Grand Communion of Saints unites all the faithful in a mystic body, applying the merits and good works of one to another, so all the members of the Three Orders established by St. Francis are bound together in a mystical fellowship or union, which makes every Tertiary a sharer with the Friars Minor, the Capuchins, the Poor Clares, and all the Religious Congregations of men and women belonging to the Third Order in the holy masses, prayers, penances and rich indulgences of the entire Franciscan Institute.

5. But the reason for becoming a Franciscan Tertiary which appeals most strongly to us, personally, is a *family one*.

As the family of the old Adam is divided and sub-divided into many branches, the Smiths, the Browns and the Joneses for example, so that the family trees among men are almost as numerous as the oaks, the cedars and the pines of the forest, likewise there are family divisions and branches among the elect children of God, whom Christ by His Precious Blood has redeemed out of the world and made heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. What a multitude in the New Jerusalem, for instance, will arise up in the great assembly and with a mighty shout, hail St. Benedict, the Founder of Monasticism in the West, as their Patriarch and Father through all eternity.

Some men are very proud of their family lineage on the earth, and sometimes they have a right to be proud. How much more have we cause to be proud of our royal lineage in Christ, the heir to the throne of David. But even among royalty there are some houses more noble and illustrious than others. This is true even of the Kingdom of Heaven.

As for ourselves, we own and do confess that we are immensely proud of belonging to the house and lineage of that most illustrious of Christian Patriarchs, St. Francis of Assisi. The so-called "Seraphic Family," spiritually begotten by St. Francis, is not only the most numerous in its many branches and ramifications of any branch of the Catholic household of faith existing on earth today, but it has peopled heaven with an innumerable multitude of Saints, many of whom shine in the celestial firmament as stars of the first magnitude.

If any one be inclined to dispute the correctness of this assertion let him reckon up in the Franciscan column not alone the three great divisions of St. Francis' First Order, i. e., the Friars Minor, the Capuchins and the Minor Conventuals, together with the Poor Clare nuns of the Second Order and the thousands upon thousands of the Religious of the Third Order and the well night two million secular Tertiaries scattered throughout the world, but let such a one figure into his sum total of the spiritual descendants of the Seraphic Patriarch all those who are spiritually descended from St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; St. Francis Xavier, missionary to India and Japan; St. Charles Borromeo, founder of the Oblates; St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Lazarists and the Sisters of Charity; St. Philip Neri, founder of the Oratorians; St. Francis de Sales and St. Frances de Chantal, joint founders of the Sisters of the Visitation; St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists; St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists; St. Angela, founder of the Ursulines, Blessed John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers; Father Olier, founder of the Sulpicians and Dom Bosco, founder of the Salesian Fathers and Sisters.

But how, you may ask, can all these be claimed for the family of St. Francis? For the simple reason that before they themselves became spiritual progenitors in Israel they were the sons and daughters of St. Francis, all of them belonging to his Third Order. Every member of Israel's twelve tribes is a son of Abraham, because every one of the twelve sons of Jacob from whose loins the twelve tribes sprung were in the loins of Abraham, and the law of spiritual generation corresponds to that of natural generation.

This great truth is emphasized by that petition of the Litany of St. Francis which styles him "the Abraham of the New Law by reason of his numerous posterity."

Surely then to be accounted a son or daughter of the Abraham of the New Law is a distinction to be eagerly coveted by those Catholics who value their heavenly citizenship above the racial and social distinctions of earth and, like King David, would rather be "an abject in the house of God than to dwell (as a prince) in the tabernacles of sinners" (Psalm 83:11).

While St. Francis was yet alive one of his Brothers had a vision in which he beheld the magnificent throne, once occupied by Lucifer in heaven, standing empty and an angel informed him that God was reserving it for his servant Francis. Whether the vision is to be relied on or not, we are certain that the Seraphic Patriarch of Assisi, whom Our Lord Himself decorated with the Holy Stigmata of His Passion, the most honorable insignia a mortal man can bear, will occupy a position high up and very close to the throne of God and Blessed Mary, and it will be worth infinitely more than the proudest distinctions of earth to be the very least in heaven among the children of St. Francis.

We will gladly give fuller information to those who ask it about the Third Order and how to join it.

MULTUM IN PARVO

The very first message which our new Holy Father has addressed to the flock entrusted to his care and to the world in general is a continuation of the farewell message of Pius X to the Catholic faithful. "When we see," writes Pope Benedict XV, "Such a considerable portion of Europe devastated by fire and sword and drenched with the blood of Christians, it is incumbent upon us to embrace all without distinction, lambs and sheep, in the arms of paternal charity. We exhort most earnestly those who govern the destinies of the nations that they should bring themselves to a frame of mind whereby they may put aside all dissensions contrary to the welfare of humanity. Let them realize how much ruin and disaster already have been wrought and how much human blood already has been shed."

On Sunday, October 4th, the American people responded with gratifying unanimity to the call of the President of the United States for all godfearing people to assemble in their several places of worship and unite in petition and prayer for the ending of war and the return of peace to the battling nations of the earth. We suppose it was an unintentional design on the part of the President of the United States, but, as far as Catholics are concerned, he could not have chosen a more fitting day of prayer for peace than the fourth of October, which was not only Rosary Sunday, established to commemorate the triumph of the Christians over the Turks, after the faithful everywhere had stormed Heaven by the Recitation of the Rosary but it was the feast-day of St. Francis of Assisi, who pre-eminently was the Apostle of Peace.

On Monday, September 14th, the Jesuit Fathers opened a magnificent High School on East Eighty-fourth and Eighty-fifth Streets, between Madison and Park Avenues, New York City. It is called the Regis High School and has accommodations for 1,500 pupils. This school is intended only for the graduates from the parochial schools and is the first of its kind in the Archdiocese of New York. On the same day six new parochial schools were opened in New York City.

His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, was the last of our three American Cardinals to return from Rome after the election and coronation of the new Pope. He arrived in New York on the Italian steamer, "Sant' Anna," from Naples, on September 28. A special steamboat was chartered by the archdiocesan authorities to meet His Eminence at the dock of the ocean liner in South Brooklyn, receive him on board and escort the Cardinal and his party up the East River to the foot of East Forty-ninth Street. The priests of the diocese and many distinguished laymen united thus in giving the Cardinal Archbishop a hearty welcome home.

Home Rule for Ireland is now a law. It has passed through Parliament, received the King's signature, and has been placed on the Statute Book as a permanent enactment.

The law does not come into operation until

one year from the date of signature, and four months thereafter the Irish Parliament will be in its first session and at work for legislation for Ireland.

And so the long struggle of the Irish people and the Irish race for National Right for their Fatherland will have ended in victory for Ireland. THE LAMP is sincerely glad for Ireland's sake.

It is recalled in Rome that the last letter written by Pope Benedict, when he was acting as Assistant Secretary of State to the late Cardinal Rampolla, before the death of Pope Leo, was in reply to a communication saying that even Protestant churches in America were praying for the recovery of Pope Leo.

In his reply the present Pontiff said that Cardinal Rampolla had communicated this telegram to Pope Leo, who had answered that it was a great consolation to hear this before his death, as it showed that his idea of the reunion of Christian churches was not a dream.

H. Cozens Hardy, special correspondent of the New York *World*, cabled from Paris on September 16:

It looks as if the Kaiser's war may result in the re-establishment of an *entente cordiale* between the Church and State in France.

Hundreds of nuns have been recalled from Belgium, to which country they were expelled when the religious orders were dissolved, and are working as hospital nurses.

Moreover, there are 22,000 monks on the battlefields. It is thought impossible that the heroic work of both nuns and monks should be lost on a public which is ever quick to recognize devotion to duty.

We probably never shall see the concordat in France again, but under a new Pope it is believed that the war will induce a better understanding between Church and Government. Churches still will remain the property of the State, but I think we at least shall see an era in which not only national monuments, like Notre Dame, but all churches will be maintained and repaired at public expense.

Among the many recent converts to the Catholic Church we note Mr. Henry Trepper, the son of a Lutheran minister in Germany. On the morning of September 13th he made his first communion in the Cathedral in Denver. A few of his own words will tell the story of his conversion very plainly: "My first doubt as to Martin Luther being right came during our studies of the Reformation. His doctrine, 'Faith alone is necessary to the salvation of your soul,' began to seem so unreasonable that I felt doubts and I can trace my inner troubles from that time. I was not old enough to seriously disagree with my friends and relatives, so I let things slide. My happiness for the last few days when after confession I could for the first time go to Holy Communion cannot be described."

Another Anglican clergyman has been received into the Church recently in the person of the Rev. Mr. Barrows, of St. Hughs, Southwark, who was conditionally baptized by Mgr. Johnston at St. John the Baptist, Brighton.

According to the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ontario, Rev. George Benson Hewetson, for twenty-three years a member of the Anglican ministry, was received into the Catholic Church at the Bishop's palace, Regina, Saskatchewan, August 11. The new convert is a kinsman of the late Archbishop Benson, of Canterbury, England, and of Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, the noted convert.

Mr. Hewetson is a writer and poet of considerable parts, his contributions having had New York and London publication. He served as rector in various places in the United States and Canada, and at one time was seriously considered for the Episcopalian bishopric of Springfield, Ill.

A WORSE TASKMASTER THAN PHARAOH

An Ohio saloon-keeper once stood in front of his saloon early in the morning; he was watching the long line of laborers filing past on their way to work. Turning to a man at his side, he said: "Those men are going to work for me to-day." The other asked him to explain. "Well," replied the saloon-keeper, "to-night they will come in my place and spend almost all they made during the day; so, practically, they work for me."

Those words were only too truthful. May God hasten the day when the laborers will work for their families instead of the saloon-keepers, which will be when the saloon evil is wiped out.

Exchange.

GRAYMOOR ANNALS

ON September 14, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Graymoor was honored by a visit from the Right Rev. Joseph Biermans, Bishop of Uganda and Vicar Apostolic of the Upper Nile, East Central Africa. For particulars about his great work in Uganda read the Bishop's own letter in our missionary department.

For eighteen years Bishop Biermans has labored as a missionary in Uganda under the scorching sun on the very line of the Equator and, of course, he expects to stay at his post until he dies. All his first companions are gone either to their everlasting reward or been removed from the field broken down in health. The officers of the English Government only remain at their posts three years and are then withdrawn. The Protestant missionaries usually secure leave of absence after a term of four years' service, but our Catholic missionaries remain at their posts until the climate slays them, or they are sent back to Europe physical wrecks. "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends," and in this case the friends for whom these heroic missionaries lay down their lives are the black men of the African jungle. How great is the constraining love of Christ.

THE PUMP HOUSE

On September 17, the Feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi, two novices of the First Congregation of the Atonement, viz., Brother John Marie Vincent and Brother Salvatore D'Giovanni, were professed. Both Brothers are students for the priesthood.

The large addition to St. John's House of Studies is making rapid headway and will greatly improve the general appearance of the building, which, perched on the mountainside with its five stories, looked like an overgrown city tenement house. But the addition takes the gawky look away.

We are very grateful to those of our readers who have already acted on our suggestion about raising the following scholarships for the students of our Congregation, viz.:

1. A Birthday Scholarship.
2. A One Dollar Scholarship.
3. A Five Dollar Scholarship.
4. A Ten Dollar Scholarship.
5. A Twenty-five Dollar Scholarship.
6. A Fifty Dollar Scholarship.
7. A One Hundred Dollar Scholarship.

All of them to be in the aggregate two hundred dollars.

A priest in Canada writes:

REV. DEAR FATHER:

This is my birthday, October 10, 1914. So, in compliance with your suggestion in THE LAMP *of August, I enclose herewith my Birthday Contribution—one dollar. It is not a princely contribution, it is true, but, with this small contribution, I beg leave to make an earnest request of your subscribers, in the name of the good St. Anthony. Of your 35,000 subscribers, will 1,999 join with me in kindly sending you a birthday contribution of one dollar every year for life? This will mean the sum of $2,000 every year for the education of priests of your order; the cultivating of many vocations for the good work; and, ultimately, the salvation of many, many*

souls for whose salvation our dear Lord did not hesitate to shed His blood. Come, dear brethren, let us make up this yearly contribution. I am 55 years of age today. As long as I live you may depend on receiving my dollar on, or about, the 10th of October of each year. In making this promise I do not withdraw any previous promise made through THE LAMP *in honor of St. Anthony.*

P. MAC D.

With such a gallant leader to head the two regiments, we doubt not that the enlistment will go merrily forward until from this source alone $2,000 annually will be provided for scholarships.

A Brooklyn benefactress supports "P. Mac D." with the following letter:

DEAR FATHER:

Enclosed you will find money order for five dollars. One dollar for renewal of subscription to THE LAMP, *the remaining four dollars towards the establishment of scholarships, for which I hope to be able to donate five dollars annually on my birthday, which occurs July 8.*

Wishing you much success, I am,

M. L. M.

THE RESERVOIR

One mother from Massachusetts sends a dollar and expresses her satisfaction that the poor in this way are able to have a share in the education of our missionary priests. We believe that many of the poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, will follow her example.

We were specially pleased to receive the following from a subscriber in Washington, Pa.:

DEAR FATHER PAUL:

My daughter is nine years old. She read some from THE LAMP. *She is desirous of joining the $1.00 scholarship. She is sending her own money by this mail.*

A. M. H.

We have been suffering from a water famine on the Mount of the Atonement. When St. Francis Church was in process of building a Protestant physician chanced to visit us one day and he was so distressed to see the poor Brother Christophers toiling up the mountain side under the scorching July sun, carrying pails of water for mixing the mortar, that he gave us twenty-five hundred dollars to supply us with a water plant. Last year we sunk a well in a little valley half way down the mountain side and the flow of water was so abundant that we congratulated ourselves that we had solved the problem of water supply for both Friary and Convent for years to come. Over the well we built the pump house seen in the illustration on the preceding page and installed an Ingersoll engine to force the water to the summit of the mountain.

The exceeding dry spell of the past two months has demonstrated the inadequacy of our well to meet the demand made upon it. Our engineer pumps it dry three times a day and what it produces in proportion to what is needed is hardly more than the proverbial "drop in the bucket."

On this page we give a snap shot of the reservoir we have constructed out of the quarry from which the stones were gotten for St. Francis Church. Our readers can readily see what a beautiful shrine this could be converted into, and we have promised to place a heroic statute of

St. John the Baptist, one of our holy patrons, under the canopy and in the center between the four pillars, provided the Saint of Jordan will find some benefactor to supplement the gift of Dr. H———, our Protestant benefactor, by defraying the cost of sinking an artesian well. We are now satisfied that nothing short of an artesian well will produce the quantity of water we need.

One of the evidences of growth at the Convent is that the ciborium used for communicating the Sisters has become too small and a larger one is needed. A more desirable memorial of the dead than a vessel of gold to contain the Body of Our Lord in the Tabernacle could hardly be named, and we are sure that some one of our benefactors will gladly come forward to supply this need at the Convent. The ciborium the Sisters would like to purchase will cost $35.

Perhaps our readers have noted that of late the Graymoor appeals have nearly all been made on behalf of the First Congregation, i. e., the Friars. That does not mean that the Sisters have no need of the alms of our benefactors, or that we wish them to be forgotten in favor of ourselves. They still have a large sum to pay on the enlargment of the Convent and the increased numbers in the community require larger funds for their support.

More orders for Altar breads from the clergy will be greatly appreciated. As we have said before our Sisters give great satisfaction to their patrons.

On Sunday, September 27th, we had the happiness at the Friary of extending Franciscan hospitality to the Rev. Sylvester Espelage, O.F.M., Procurator of the Franciscan Catholic Mission in Hankow, Central China. He celebrated Mass at 10 o'clock in St. John's Church and preached the sermon. Father Sylvester is one of several American Franciscan Fathers who are doing a most successful work in the Apostolic Vicariate of Hankow, which is sometimes called the Chicago of China. The Catholic Church of this Vicariate contains 35 000 Catholic Chinese and the catechumens are numerous.

THE ETERNAL WONDER

By Hugh Anthony Allen

There are a myriad splendors on this earth,
A million marvels beautiful to see:
Yet all these glories seem of lesser worth
Before a sweet, sad wonder known to me.

I speak not of sunset, nor do I plead
The dripping rainbow in the Eastern sky;
The thrall of moonbeams, silences that bleed
With love and longing—all these I pass by.

This is the crowning beauty of them all:
The sublime patience that is in the clod;
Oppressed and wronged, given the sop of gall,
These blessed poor that are so dear to God.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

That Martin Luther was born in 1483. That before the year 1500, when Luther attained the age of seventeen years, more than twelve editions of the Bible had been published. In 1455 the celebrated "Mazarin" (Latin) edition; in 1457, the Psalter was printed and published, in 1459 a second edition of the Psalter was published; in 1462 a second edition of the Bible was published in Latin; in 1483, the year of Luther's birth, Koburger's edition of the Bible, in German, was published with more than one hundred wood cuts by Michael Wolgemut; fifteen editions were subsequently published; in 1479, there were nine editions of the Bible published from the Amberbach Press at Basle, in German; that fourteen complete editions had been published in High German and five in Low German between 1483 and 1500; that eleven editions of the Psalms were published prior to 1518; that two editions of the Bible were printed and published in England prior to 1547; that the Catholic Church holds fast to the Bible and reverences it today as she ever did and ever will do, while Protestantism is rejecting it because of chasing after the jack-o'-lantern of "Higher Criticism."

Bombay Examiner.

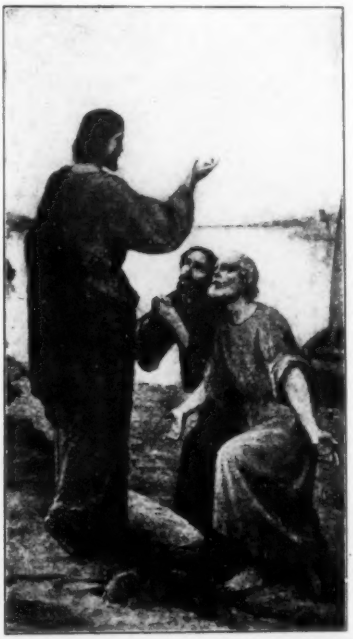
In the Mission Field

OUR MONTHLY CONFERENCE WITH OUR MISSIONARY CO-WORKERS

AMONG the devilish effects of this wicked war in Europe not the least to be reckoned with is the financial distress it will entail upon our poor missionaries in the field afar. Rev. Father Markert, of the Society of the Divine Word, who is well informed on all missionary matters, stands sponsor for the following statement:

"Up to the present time five-sixths of the contributions to the missions were furnished by France, Germany and Belgium. With the beginning of the present war these resources are suddenly closed and there is no hope that they will be opened again until a long time after the war.

"It is impossible to determine accurately the loss of the various missions but all of them will suffer heavily. In the last twenty years the world has witnessed the awakening of missionary zeal unparalleled in history and the hope that at last the entire world would be acquainted with the great message of the Gospel was well founded. The war has suddenly cut off nearly all revenues of the Catholic missions. Reports have already been received here, which say that the mission institutes of Europe are empty, pupils, priests and brothers have been called to the colors. The large printing establishment of the Society of the Divine Word at Steyl, which helped in a very large measure to secure the means of support for the missions, had to be stopped, and similar conditions undoubtedly prevail in other mission houses.



"GOING THEREFORE, TEACH YE ALL NATIONS"

"Help from Europe is not to be expected for a long time to come. Thousands of missionaries will see the results of long and arduous labors destroyed in a few months, if speedy help is not extended to them."

Now more than ever the eyes of the Catholic missionaries in China, Japan, India, Africa and the Isles of the Pacific will look to us, their brethren in fortunate America, where red-handed war followed by gaunt eyed famine and the black-robed skeleton, Death, marches not through our land, which smiles with the most plentiful harvests experienced in many years. Shall the missionaries look to us in vain? God forbid.

Remember we are the children of light and shall we not be wise to make the best of this golden opportunity and spend and sacrifice ourselves to the uttermost to purchase by our alms immortal souls for the rewards and inexhaustible riches of heaven? It was God's Angel who gave his word to the Prophet Daniel that "they that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity" (Dan. xii:3). When by our alms we make it possible for the missionaries to instruct the heathen in the justice of Christ and save their souls we are most assuredly making ourselves their partners in the promised reward. How often in business, one man supplies the capital necessary to carry on the money-making enter-

prise and the other puts in the work, but as joint partners they divide between them the profits. So God has ordained that while the missionaries do the work, the faithful shall become partners with them by supplying the capital.

Truly, the wisest people we know anything about among our American neighbors, are those who are living with Franciscan simplicity, economy and self-denial, and are putting every penny they can rake and scrape together into the cause of Home and Foreign Missions.

Suppose we imagine the case of two men, one of whom spends his entire income over and above his actual living expenses for Catholic Church extension at home and abroad, the other has carefully saved and deposited in the bank the sum of fifty thousand dollars. Which of the two, think you, has acted with the greatest prudence?

Catholics of America, consider! It is not only the eyes of the Foreign Missionaries who are fixed on us in this their hour of direst need, but those eyes of Our Divine Redeemer, which looked on Peter in the court room of Caiaphas, and sought the uplifted gaze of Mary, His Mother and John, the Beloved Disciple, from Calvary's tree, are now looking down on us from on High entreating with their pleading eloquence our charity and alms for the preservation of His most cherished work, *the apostolate among the heathen.*

On behalf of thousands of missionaries, who left all to preach the gospel of peace and to save human souls from eternal destruction, Jesus, the Good Shepherd, implores you. Millions of neophytes raise their voices and their hands for help to the throne of Christ and of Mary, lest they fall back into the night and barbarity of heathenism, and our Great High Priest and His Mother look to us to fill up the void in the missionary treasury, caused by the European war, and, Oh, shall Our God and Mary Immaculate look to us in vain!

Hundreds of thousands of little children in the foundling homes of the missions, myriads of the heathen sick and the aged in the hospitals of the Far East, are uniting with missionary priests and sisters in prayers to God to save them from starving and God turns to us as his human agents, reminding us of what Our Lord will say on the Judgment Day: "Inasmuch as you did it to these, my brethren, in pagan lands you did it unto Me."

BISHOP BIERMANS' LETTER

The dire distress of the missionaries on account of the Old World war has been brought home to us most forcibly by a visit made to us by the Bishop of Uganda. Much has been written in THE LAMP during the last nine months on the subject of Kikuyu and the quarrel between the Anglican Bishops over the Federation Conference of the Protestant missionaries, held in that place. Kikuyu lies just outside the boundary line of the Bishop of Uganda's Vicariate and how the Protestant scheme of federation affects the Catholic missions will be noted in Bishop Biermans' letter:

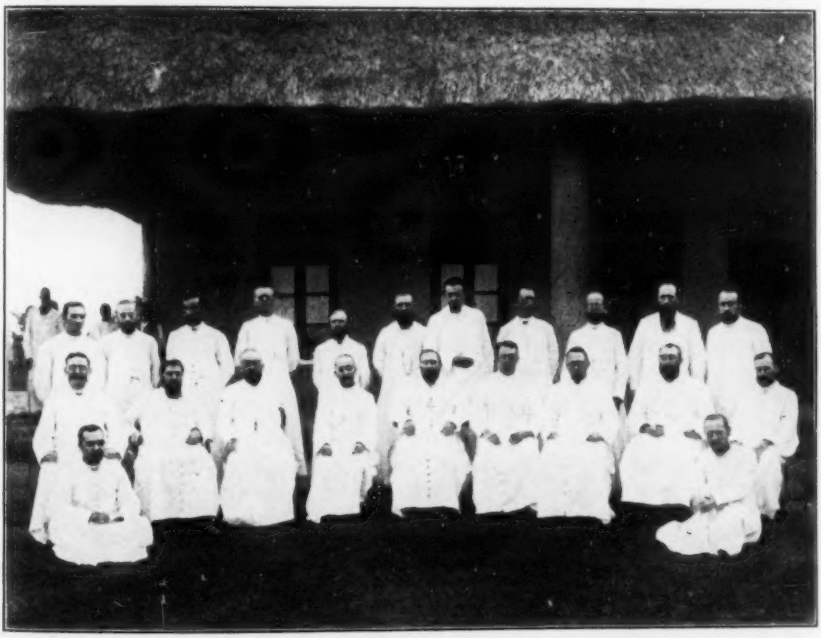
TO THE EDITOR OF THE LAMP:

I wish to introduce myself to your readers as the Catholic Bishop of Central Africa. The country in which my diocese is situated is called Uganda. This portion of the mission field belongs to St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of Mill-Hill, near London. We have been working in Uganda for 18 years, and although we had to face many difficulties in the beginning, and had even to suffer persecution, I am exceedingly glad to be able to announce to you that our endeavors have been visibly blessed by Our Divine Master, which the following will show. During the 18 years we have been at work in Uganda we have baptized over 53,000 people while 27,000 are now under instruction to receive Holy Baptism. The present staff consists of fifty-three priests, for the greater part Hollanders (I am myself a Hollander) and Irish and ten nuns—all Irish—together with 400 native Catechists, who do excellent work in the far off native villages making thousands of conversions, baptizing the dying, instructing the catechumens in their prayers and catechism, bringing children to the priests to be baptized, etc.: really these Catechists are the greatest help to our work, in fact the mainstay of the Foreign Missions. The diocese of which I have charge is very large, about 45,000 square miles, with a native population of about five million souls, nearly all pagan.

The spiritual administration is supplied from 23 mission stations and 450 village schools or catechumenates. We also have three convents, two hospitals, one high school and one school for training catechists, or native teachers.

The above will show that we were making good progress and the spiritual results, which I have mentioned above, are an evident proof that our mission in Uganda is blessed abundantly by Our Lord and also that the natives correspond to the divine graces they receive. They make very good Catholics indeed. Let me give you one instance of the genuineness of their conversion. The king who ruled the natives when we first established our mission was a veritable Nero for cruelty. One day he asked those of his household servants and soldiers who had embraced Christianity to make themselves known. Some twenty of them, several being only boys (pages to the king), without hesitation confessed themselves to be Catholic Christians. The king declared he would burn them alive unless they at once renounced Christianity. Not one of them flinched, and accordingly they were by the king's command bound to stakes, faggots were heaped about them and they suffered martyrdom by fire.

We have by no means been left in undisturbed possession of this fertile field. The Protestants, favored by the government and supplied with money in abundance (e. g., the Anglicans have erected a Cathedral costing a quarter of a million) have entered in to dispute possession with us. Not less than nine different sects—amongst whom are three American societies—are actively at work. Unfortunately the British Government through their influence has made a very arbitrary law, to wit, that no mission station of a different denomination is allowed to be established within



BISHOP BIERMANS AND THE SUPERIORS OF THE UGANDA MISSIONS

ten miles from an already existing one. Now all these nine sects have made an agreement and divided up the whole country into so many provinces, each sect taking charge of one province, or sphere of work. In that way they intend to occupy the whole country and thus cut out and block the Catholics everywhere. I have, therefore, been trying all I possibly could to get in ahead of them by establishing new missions in all the more densely populated districts. Five new stations were opened last year and I was bidding fair to hold the field. I had come to Europe to assist at the General Chapter of the Society and on July 26 I ordained several priests at our Mother House, five of whom are destined for my missions of Uganda and they ought to be sailing in October.

It was my intention to make a tour through my native country, Holland, Belgium and France, and appeal to the Catholics for my needy but successful mission. As you will understand, this terrible European war, which is raging now, has upset everything. I cannot possibly appeal to the Catholics of Europe; worse than that, the usual support for my missions is now entirely cut off and I am totally unable to send out those priests, which will mean that I will have to abandon some of my missions which I had just opened and will be unable to extend my work. Dear reader, you will readily understand in what great need I am for money in order to save my successful mission from ruin. I hurried at once to America, knowing the generosity of the American Catholics and I make bold to appeal to you and beg of you to help me. Help me to send out those five priests; the outfit, passage, etc., for each is $500. Help me to support those 53 priests, 10 sisters and 400 native catechists who are working there in Central Africa and who have done and suffered so much to establish our Holy Religion in that once entirely pagan country. Our work is threatened now with ruin, and the workers with starvation; those places once conquered for our Holy Faith are in desperate peril of falling into the hands of the Protestants or lapsing back to heathenism.

I feel confident, dear American Catholics, that you will never suffer this to happen. I beg you therefore to send your help without delay. You will understand that the need is most urgent. Either address me through THE LAMP, *or the New York Diocesan Branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 462 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

✠ J. BIERMANS,
Vicar Apostolic of the Upper Nile, Uganda.

We venture to propose to our readers two definite lines of help, which we may extend to Bishop Biermans.

In the first place he tells us that he has fifty-two priests in his Vicariate. If each of those priests could be supplied with 300 Mass Intentions in the next twelve months that alone would represent a revenue of $15,600. We beg the clergy, who have more Mass Intentions at their disposal than they can discharge to send the surplus to us for Uganda.

The second line of help we could very readily extend to the Bishop, by all of us taking a hand, would be to supply transportation to Central Africa for one of those five priests recently ordained by him at Mill-Hill and who are ready to set out for his Vicariate as soon as the necessary five hundred dollars apiece is forthcoming. Remember we are fifty thousand strong and one penny from each of us would make up the five hundred. Let us get busy and see what we can do. If THE LAMP fails to transport one of those young missionary evangelists to the heart of Africa the Editor will be a crestfallen and disappointed man. Do not despise the day of small offerings and let the rain of postage stamps, nickles, dimes, quarters, fifty-cent pieces, dollars and checks for Bishop Biermans begin at once, so that we can announce in November that the five hundred dollars has been raised. One priest sent to Africa is good for the conversion and baptism of at least a thousand souls. What a splendid compensation for a little exertion and self-denial on our part here on the other side of the earth.

If we could make a thousand dollars in a few years' time by expending a few cents now, who among us would withhold the few pennies? And yet one immortal soul in the sight of God is of more value than all the diamonds of Golconda.

Father Ting Has Begun the Church of the Sacred Heart in Chu Chow

The letter from Father Ting which follows brings us the good news that our Lamp contributors to Foreign Missions have added to the building fund sufficient to enable the Church of the Sacred Heart in Chu Chow, China, to be started, and since the good Father is relying on our zeal to help him till it is finished we pray he may not be disappointed of his hope.

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE NEW CHURCH

My Very Rev. and Dear Father Paul:

I have received with joy and gratitude the announcement of the gifts, fruits of the generosity of your zealous friends. May the great God Himself recompense them for their zeal for the propagation of the Faith in our poor but well-loved country.

I, your servant, and my Christians whom you help, will not fail to pray to the good God to heap spiritual and temporal benedictions on you in return for all you have done for your poor brothers here.

I am happy, my very Rev. Father, to be able to tell you that now, thanks to the fruits produced by your collections, we are about to begin the preparatory work for the erection of our future Church of the Sacred Heart. You can see on the photograph herewith enclosed the work of clearing and embanking necessitated by the position destined for our Church. Our Christians, for the most part poor, try to supplement the smallness of their pecuniary contributions by coming themselves in relays to give a helping hand to the workmen—a good number of those you see here are Christians and esteem themselves happy to take part in the work on this occasion. The four Fathers whom you see in the photograph have come to assist at the inauguration of the work.

The generosity of our Benefactors permits us to begin the erection of our new Church with confidence and without fearing to be obliged to stop half way. This confidence with which you have inspired us, and your generosity in the past allows us to rely on your zeal to sustain us and to finish that which your charity has allowed us to begin.

In this hope and full of gratitude for your kindness and the interest you show in our work,

I presume to call myself, my Very Reverend and Dear Father,

Your very humble and grateful servant,

LEON TING, C.M.

Catholic Mission of Chu Chow,
Apostolic Vicariate of Che-Kiang,
Western China.

FATHER GALVIN'S LETTER

The Reverend Edward J. Galvin, who went from Brooklyn, N. Y., to China a few years ago was on a visit to Father Ting when the ground for the new church was broken and our readers may catch a glimpse of him standing on the bank; if we are not mistaken, he is the priest on the right who wears no beard. The letter which follows from Father Galvin's pen will make us all very much better acquainted with and deepen our interest in the Catholic mission of Chu Chow.

DEAR FATHER PAUL:

I am spending a few weeks here with Fathers Tisserand and Ting. Chu Chow is about one hundred miles from Hang Chow and as it takes a week to get here, our visits are few and far between. This is my first visit and it will be some time before my second is made. Before leaving, then, I wish to write you some of my impressions of the mission you have helped so much.

In Chu Chow there are about 4,000 Catholics and probably 2,000 Catechumens all preparing for baptism. Many of the Catholics are of three or four generations standing, some of them much more. During my stay here I have been struck by their fervor. Many of them go to Communion daily and a very large number weekly. In the outlying districts they have not the opportunity of going as there is no priest, but many of them come into Chu Chow from distances of fifteen and twenty miles on Saturday evenings, go to Confession, make their Communion next morning and then set off again. I was struck by the great difference in the Catholics here and those in Hang Chow, the part of the Vicariate where I am working. Here they seem to have caught the true spirit of Christianity. In Hang Chow most of our Catholics are recent converts, and paganism still seems to be in their blood.

Chu Chow is one of our most flourishing missions as far as conversions go. It has given the Vicariate more than two-thirds of its Chinese priests and there seems to be no falling off in the number of vocations, for this year Chu Chow is sending ten young Chinese boys to the Seminary in Hang Chow. This year we founded a native order of nuns to be known as the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. It is hoped they will give much help to the priests both in the schools and also in the propagation work of the districts. Chu Chow has made a beginning worthy of her by sending eight young Chinese ladies to Hang Chow to be trained for the work. We expect about one-half of the Sisters to be from Chu Chow and I am sure we will not be disappointed.

About one hundred years ago Chu Chow was looked after by the Spanish Dominicans. They had a most flourishing mission here but persecution came. The priests were put to death or fled. The Chapels were destroyed and the Catholics forbidden to hold Catholic worship either in public or private. Many of them, of course, fell away, but some remained faithful.

A short time ago when digging the foundation for a Chapel about twenty-five miles from Chu Chow, the workmen came across a silver coin. They immediately brought it to the priest. It proved to be a Spanish coin (worth probably half a dollar) with the effigy of Charles IV of Spain, and bearing the date 1794. The coin could not have come in any other way except by the Spanish Missionaries who were laboring here at that time. Another coin was discovered in the same way in Nien Chow, about fifty miles from here. It is a little smaller than the one referred to, bears the date 1774 and the effigy of Charles III of Spain. Both these coins were found only a few feet in the earth. The probability is that when the houses of the missionaries were destroyed these coins got covered with the rubbish and so remained to help us fix some very important dates. Many places are pointed out where tradition says the martyred priests were buried, but no indication of a grave remains. In a town a short distance from here the Catholics still point out the site of a church.

Here in Chu Chow there is no church. On Sunday the Catholics assemble in a large building

above which the missionaries live. This room has no ornaments whatever and is far too small for the numbers it is expected to accommodate. On Sunday more than half the congregation knelt outside. In summer it is extremely trying on these people to kneel in the open under a blazing sun with the thermometer at about one hundred in the shade. In winter you cannot expect them to kneel or stand in the rain, consequently large numbers do not come because they know how hard it is after a journey of probably five or six miles to stand out of doors for an hour or two. During the week the Blessed Sacrament is not kept there because the priests are constantly walking overhead, and it is not considered proper to have the Blessed Sacrament downstairs under these circumstances. Fr. Tisserand, the director of the Mission, and Fr. Ting, the assistant, have worked hard to get the funds necessary to build a church dedicated to the Sacred Heart in Chu Chow, but as our Chinese people can give practically no pecuniary aid the only hope of building the church is by appealing to our Catholics in Europe and America. Sometimes these appeals are successful, sometimes not, and so the work of raising the necessary funds must needs be slow.

The church will cost about $10,000, *and for that sum a fine church can be built;* $5,000 *has already been collected and it is hoped the Catholics may give some little aid, but not more than* $800.

It is very important that we have at least presentable churches in China. Pagans as a rule are provided with large and very beautiful temples, especially in the large cities. Chu Chow has probably a population of half a million and has several temples. The Catholic Church in China is called by both pagans and Catholics the House of God (tien tsu dong). Sometimes the pagans, referring to our poorly equipped churches, of which there are many, say if the God of the Christians were the true God, surely He would have a better house than that. It is important, too, seeing that Chu Chow is such a large city and the Catholic centre of such a large district, that there be at least a decent church. It would give the Catholics of the district hope and encourage them to continue the fight against the pagans by whom they are surrounded, for though the days of open and organized persecution are gone—let us hope never to return—yet our Catholics, especially where they are few, have to suffer much from pagans and the priest is constantly called upon to assist them in getting justice done.

I had no idea a church was so much needed here until I saw the little Chapel for myself. Of course, I had heard of it but could not believe it was as bad as it really is. I have seen several Chapels in outlying districts far worse than this one, but in a residence where there are two priests permanently I have never seen anything so bad. I have been through most of the Vicariate and have seen places where churches were sadly needed, but I must say I know of no place where there is greater need than here in Chu Chow.

I am glad you have rendered such assistance to Fathers Tisserand and Ting in their efforts to provide a suitable church for their people, and I hope many others among your readers will lend a helping hand in this most pressing work.

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD J. GALVIN.

If any of our Catholic readers are disposed to complain of the urgency with which we plead in our columns the claims of the missionaries upon the financial support of the Catholic faithful, we ask them to read the paragraph which follows, clipped from *The Chronicle*, an Episcopalian monthly, and then to answer this question: Who ought to give most for foreign missions, Catholics or Protestants?

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"Comparisons are not always odious. Sometimes they are useful and informing. In this connection may be quoted some statistics, recently published, regarding the offerings of four leading Protestant communions in the United States during the last year for foreign missions. The offerings, listed by amount, were:

Methodist Episcopal	$2,376,628.00
Protestant Episcopal	1,973,608.00
Presbyterian	1,861,910.00
Baptists (North)	1,195,523.00
Reformed (Dutch)	321,942.58

AN INTERESTING DIARY

THE LAMP for August announced the sailing for China of Dr. Lamont, the first lady physician to set out for the mission field under the auspices of the so-called Catholic Medical Mission Propaganda and the same number stated incidentally that "the Rev. Father Joseph Koesters, of the Society of the Divine Word, sailed for his field of missionary labor in China from Vancouver on the 'Empress of Japan,' on July 23, 1914." Now it turns out that Dr. Lamont sailed by the same steamer, as the leaves from her diary, published below, relate. Dr. Lamont was formerly a member of the Church of England and did medical missionary work under Anglican auspices for a time in India. She is accompanied by her husband and two little daughters who are mentioned more than once in her diary.

FR. JOSEPH KOESTERS, S.V.D.

Sunday, 26th July.—Father Koesters said Mass in the salon at 9.45; three Protestant missionaries, a man and two women, attended. I am glad I had foreseen this as a possibility, the Father having put at the foot of his announcement, "All cordially invited." I had taken some surplus prayer books, and [illegible] happened to be the Missal, [illegible] conversion, I had, in accordance with my Protestant training, put Biblical references both to the Canon and elsewhere. It is St. Anne's Day; my youngest child's patroness is St. Anne, and one of the Father's family is "named for" her also, and as she is one of the married Saints, I take it as of happy augury that the first Mass I have ever heard at sea should be on her day. Our Franciscan crucifix had a place of honor on the altar. Fr. K. himself considers our meeting providential as not only he, but his Bishop, have long felt the need of a medical mission. There were two Protestant services after ours; how sad for the Chinese stewards to see that nineteen Christians (the passengers are few) have to split into three parties to worship one God. "That they all may be one." Our Lord prayed: *"that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."*

Yesterday most of us were indulging in a siesta when the siren gave four hoots, a steward rushed in and closed the iron cover of our porthole. I rushed out to find a collision door just closing. They let me through, to find all the stewards assembled, but I was reassured to find it was only "collision and boat drill." Most ships give the passengers warning that it is not an alarm in earnest; after the recent disaster to an "Empress" on the other side of America, a little nervousness is pardonable even in seasoned voyagers.

The Father is delighted to hear that my husband has a magic lantern and can run a picture show, as a machine for the latter is awaiting him, he thinks, in China. All these devices help to gather audiences and to interest and instruct them. Fr. K. also hopes to make use of

my husband as a typewriter, as we have our own "Empire." He is glad, too, (a German would be) that I play the organ and that we all sing. There is no faculty or accomplishment that cannot be turned to real use in the mission field, whereas in civilized lands it is no use being "Jack of all trades."

Wednesday, Aug. 5th.—The voyage was quite uneventful save for daily Mass, fog and a few dolphins, until two days ago, when we got into wireless touch with Japan and learned that Austria had declared war on Servia, that there was a financial panic and that a European conflagration was inevitable. We have since heard that three of our five officers, being of the British Navy Reserve, are to report for duty at Yokohama. We hear to-night that the Germans have taken two Blue Funnel liners in the Sea of Japan, so Fr. Koesters is in great request in case a German cruiser looms up through the fog in which we are now lying at anchor, ringing gongs and bells as a change to the fog siren.

Amidst all the universal horror of war come in all the small individual interests of the British officers and the nineteen white passengers, who are mostly of American nationality, ourselves and one other being British, and Fr. K. the only German. We ourselves stand in rather a fortunate position, being connected with an American society and, moreover, being now so much under Fr. Koester's wing, and yet British subjects. It reminds me of a little English girl who attended various Sunday schools with a view to securing several successive summer outings and whose mother explained to a good lady who called to remonstrate that "she was not bigoted to any one religion!" We may truly claim to be cosmopolitan!

August 6th.—We lay anchored all night in the fog some one hundred miles from Yokohama; after all, it was better to be captured by a German cruiser than to be rammed and sunk by some friendly steamer in the fog. We got alarming marconigrams all day to the effect that a German cruiser kept making raids across the sea between Tsintao and Japan and had sunk two British and two Japanese vessels. The fog made us twelve hours late, and the common belief in Yokohama was that we had been captured. On arrival it transpired that the Germans had steamed up to two Japanese boats and on discovering their nationality had departed; the two British boats had been in Tsintao harbor and were merely searched for contraband of war and have since reached Shanghai and Yokohama respectively.

Aug. 7.—Fr. Koesters took us up with him in rickshaws to the Catholic church, a large building with twin spires easily visible from the harbor. As usual, it was at the top of a hill. It was touching to see the welcome given to our good German priest by the French priests there. They gave each other the kiss of peace usual among priests of continental nationality on first meeting. They also gave him the largest room in their house, though French priests and brothers were sleeping on the floor. France has recalled priests, brothers and even Bishops, to fight. Germany only calls on such as are needed as military chaplains. We asked the Frenchmen why they went. They good-humoredly patted our good German priest on his broad shoulders and said: "This is the reason." It seems that if they refused to go they could never enter France again. Of course, it leaves their Missions very short of men of the active age, though it is marvelous how long the active age is in the case of missionary priests!

The Nuns of the Infant Jesus have a nice school and chapel some ten minutes from the church. These nuns and most of the nuns of the Infant Jesus are French, but there was one from Dublin. One sees the Catholicity of the Church most beautifully when traveling. The Irish nun spoke French and had added to her naturally charming Irish manners the extreme courtesy of the French. A good French nun had an expansive motherliness, more of the Scotch or Irish type. In Church, the Gospel is read both in French and English, but the three Hail Marys at the end are said in Latin, and all, English, French, German and Japanese, join in. I never met any French people who spoke English so well as these priests in Japan.

Aug. 8. There is little inclination among us for sightseeing; we have with the greatest difficulty been able to secure berths for Fr. Koesters, ourselves and the two nuns who wish to return to Shanghai, on a Japanese boat which will sail, *if nothing prevents*, on August 13. The feeling among the Japanese is entirely pro-British and pro-French; it is feared, of course, that they may become involved. None of us are purely altruistic, and no doubt they would have no objection to taking over the German settlement in China! The wildest rumors are current as to the course of the war. Our French host politely puts on our table any supplements published by the newspapers purporting to announce Anglo-French successes.

Aug. 9.—We all went in rickshaws to the 9 o'clock Mass. Crowds of Marist brothers were behind the high altar, who are to start to-morrow to join the army in France. They are delightfully polite, and all make the greatest fuss over our youngest little girl. They all regard them both as missionaries already, and no doubt the influence of Christian children in a heathen land does tell for something. Fr. Koesters is staying with the French priests, but is going to Tokyo to-day to visit the German Jesuits and also members of his own Society of the Divine Word.

We are just staying here and contenting ourselves with the Japanese life visible along the quays and in bazaars. We went out last night into a bazaar dressed for Saturday night, certainly the ele quietest bazaar I have ever seen, and the la ducted. The children are everywhere in evid on mats on each side of the narrow road, in lanterns, are little stores of children's books in Japanese and quaint, cheap toys. Other little stores are spread on the ground and contain the prettiest dwarf flower bushes in artistic little pots of the Hop-o'-my-Thumb style. Kipling discovered in Japan a belief in a

"God who plays with little children," and indeed I fancy that, after all, is the God they most firmly believe in. Still, we need not envy them who have a Saviour who loved little children. It is very hot and moist in August, but not as bad as it is in Bombay or Calcutta or Madras just now. At four o'clock is becomes fairly pleasant and we wander down past the big fashionable hotels (whose least charge is $8 a day, and which, needless to say, we missionaries do not patronize) to a nice clean flight of steps which affords a pleasant seat and a bit of a breeze. The Jap mothers and fathers turn out, too, with babies, two and three at a time, in little home-made basket perambulators. For the older children they spread mats on the ground; many paddle in the sea, just as Cain and Abel must have done in the rivers outside Eden. How sad that they grow up to slay, or be slain, like Cain and Abel!

We are largely cut off from all news of the war, partly because the United States has refused to transmit war telegrams. Reuters supply a Japanese association here and exaggerates British or French or Belgian successes. A few hours after each bulletin appears, one from a German source discounting and explaining away all such successes, and equally exaggerating the German. We take all reports *cum grano salis* and pray for the dying, of whom there must be many. When they are taken for their Particular Judgment it will not be asked if they were Austrian or Russian. "*Excelsus Dominus super omnes gentes.*"

Aug. 10.—The whole town of Yokohama is in excitement over the departure of Frenchmen to the war. The last steamer took British officers, Germans and French, all going home in peace to fight each other on arrival. How absurd it all seems! To-day they are all French, leaving by a French boat. We have three poor German women in the hotel who have a table of their own and look very sad when to-day a rumor arrived that the Germans have asked for a 24 hours' armistice to remove their 25,000 dead or dying from before Liege. Fr. Koesters has two brothers in the German Reserve who are sure to have been called out. He is very good and placid, prays for peace, and still goes on trying to get a little Chinese into our heads at odd moments. The eldest son of our host is off, too, this morning. He left France as a child, and will have to learn war, poor laddie, before he can be of use. One hopes for their sakes it may be all over before his ship can reach Marseilles.

There was the greatest enthusiasm at the station, the Japanese bringing banners and singing with gusto the "Marseillaise." One French lady gave a most dramatic account of it, being especially amused at the words, "Qu'un sang impur" emanating from faces of yellow hue. All sorts of people are detained here. An Austrian and a Dutchman, agents of commercial firms, are just in from Java on the last German boat, and now find difficulty in getting over to San Francisco and Europe. A fear is expressed that the revolutionary party in China may seize the opportunity. The only thing for ourselves is to press on. We are going, we hope, with Fr. Koesters into the interior of Shan-tung on Chinese territory, about a day's journey from the German territory at Tsintao. Everyone says Tsintao is a beautiful European town, and one does hope it will not be bombarded. The British are at Wei-hai-wei also in Shan-tung, and as Peking is not far north of it we may well see something of war, and perhaps even have to treat wounded Chinese, or even conceivably Austrian, German or British, though it seems hardly likely.

After all, this state of war has been common to all mankind, and we have no right to expect to be free. "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars," said Our Lord, and added, "See that ye be not troubled." I rather think both St. Francis Xavier and St. Vincent de Paul and various other Saints were troubled in their missionary journeys by the outbreak of Mediterranean and Oriental wars. Let us only pray they may all tend, in the end "to God's greater glory."

Aug. 11.—We joined in a procession yesterday afternoon of French and British people with a Japanese brass band at the head playing the "Marseillaise," to give a good send-off at the station to another detachment of Frenchmen going to join their steamer at Moji. It will at least give the French Fathers and Brothers a glimpse of "la Patrie." Matters look very threatening to-day, and before this reaches you by post you may have heard by cable that Japan has joined in the war and that the United States have taken some action against her. If Japan declares war before we sail on the 13th by the Maru Kasuga it will be a risk for Fr. Koesters to be on a Japanese boat, but he cannot well return to America, everything being taken. Japanese sailings are announced for Victoria and Seattle. The latter would be omitted in the case of war with the U. S. The Jesuits at Tokyo are very international, a German Superior, an American and Frenchmen.

Aug. 13.—For the last two days we have been at Tokyo. Fr. Koesters came down to fetch us up there from Yokohama, which is less than an hour by express train from Tokyo. We found the Jesuit College after some wandering, as, though we hopefully accosted sundry men in European clothes, we found they knew no English. The rickshaw man who carried the baggage took us to a very ugly little meeting-house, very different from the fine new red brick college of the Jesuits with its five acres of garden forming an ideal place for study. My husband stayed there with Fr. Koesters while a Japanese servant took myself and the children to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, some four miles off. The electric cars were packed with Japs. One very polite one, of some education evidently, offered me his seat.

We received a warm welcome and a welcome supper, and knew ourselves once more to be in the hospitable East. The Nuns of the Sacred Heart have a fine house here with quite a home farm, hundreds of white leg-

horns, five beautiful cows in the cleanest, most bijou byre (Scotch word for cow stable) and yard I have ever seen, a bamboo grove and a large pond on which some Jap children were punting a raft, but which unfortunately breeds mosquitoes, and I recommended an occasional tin of kerosene to kill the larvæ. Not content with their present school, which accommodates both Europeans and Japanese, the Nuns are building a fine red brick school for Japanese, including a good gymnasium and science laboratories. The museum had excellent models of the eye and ear and an exceedingly good assortment of small mechanical devices for teaching physics. The kindergarten was the most charming I have ever seen, being full of exquisite Japanese toys, which form a good opening for language lessons. Tiny chairs about the right size for teddy-bears were conspicuous and delightful. In the grounds was a regular Japanese house and garden in which the children are taught the ceremonies of solemn tea-drinking. A policeman has a lodge at one gate and a Jap farmer and his family one at another. An English mother from Korea was there for a Retreat with three fine, sturdy and mischievous laddies, the eldest of whom had just made his First Communion and was so small (six) that he had to stand at the Communion rail. I met a Japanese lady of good birth who was employed by the Nuns to teach Japanese; she spent some time in the Protestant porch before entering the House of God, in which she now rejoices to find herself. She rejoiced over me as another convert, though I am glad to say I never was a pagan.

Our sailing is delayed by a typhoon which has been raging now for nearly twenty hours. The Nuns and I were up continually in the night closing windows and doors and even putting pails and basins out, for no roof made in the East will stand the rain of such hurricanes as blow at this season. The whole house shook with the violence of the wind. When we got to Yokohama we had to get out of the jinrickishas (two-wheeled carriages drawn by men instead of horses) on approaching the quays, as they were capsizing right and left. One of our umbrellas, envious of Zeppelins, took to itself wings and is now adorning the harbor. It was a green parasol, the remains of better days. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* It was really too gaudy for a missionary and might have excited the cupidity of a mandarin.

On board, the only mother besides myself is a Baptist lady originally from Texas, but up from the Philippines for the summer. Those Protestant American missionaries all strike me as interested in, or at least curious about, the Faith; and it is very good for them to discover that the Church is not so hopelessly medieval and monastic after all, since it sees us as a family traveling with a priest to a Chinese Mission and one of us a woman physician, too. I had a conversation in Tokyo with an American Jesuit of German birth. He cordially agreed as to the influence exercised by Protestant mission physicians, both men and women. Prospects on the Pacific seem to-day a little more in accordance with the name, though a Japanese officer about to join the battleship "Abi" entered into conversation with us on the way to Tokyo and owned that he was keen to fight. He had paid a visit to Vancouver, but otherwise his English was mostly from books. He seemed anxious to display the chivalry towards women so noticeable in sailormen of white hue, and was most helpful to us in catching the train, the storm having delayed our rickshaw men, and recovering our checked baggage. They aim at American business methods, *but with a difference!* One might quote of Japan what Kipling in his "Naulakha" wrote of India:

> "And the end of that night
> Was a tombstone white,
> With the name of the late deceased,
> And an epitaph drear:
> 'A Fool lies here
> Who tried to hustle the East.'"

REPORT OF FUNDS RECEIVED AND TRANSMITTED BY THE LAMP FROM AUGUST 29 TO SEPTEMBER 26

FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

China—For Bishop Everaerst: Priest, $30; C. E. R., $1; K. Q., $1; W. M. S., $9; Priest, $5; Priest, $35; Mass Stipend for LAMP Subscribers and Rosary League Members, $12; St. Anthony's Tithe, $39.81; Total for Bishop Everaerts, $122.81. For Father Leo Ting to help build the Church of the Sacred Heart at Chu Chow: Sr. M., $5; M. M., $1; Total for Fr. Ting, $6. *Corea*—For Father Claude Ferrand: Mass Stipends, $11. *Japan*—Orphanage of the Infant Jesus: Rev. E. E. M., $3. *India*—For Father D'Silva: M. M., $5; D. J. G., $1; A. J. K., $1; C. M., $1; Total for Fr. D'Silva, $8. For Father Fernandes, Madras: Mass Stipends, $15; Srs. of the P. of St. F., $2; Total for Fr. Fernandes, $17. *Africa*—For Bishop Biermans of Uganda: Stipend for Graymoor Benefactors Masses, $30. *Abyssinia*—For the famine stricken: St. John's Church, Graymoor, $8.81; St. Anthony's Tithe, $6.19; Total, $15. Total for the Field Afar, $212.81.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS

Alaska—For the Rev. Mother Amadeus: Rev. E. E. M., $3. *Philippine Islands*—For Father Hubaux, Cavite: Mrs. C. E. C., $1. *The United States*—Mass Stipends for Fr. C., $15; Father L., $10. Total for Domestic Missions, $29.00.

Miscellaneous Alms—For the Poor Clares of Rome, Italy, $1.

Total contributions, $242.81.

Liege, Belgium, the scene of so many horrors of war, is a large city of nearly 130,000 souls. As a diocese it has 670 parishes, 40 deaneries and a Catholic population of 1,155,000. Its Bishop is Mgr. Martin-Hubert Rutten.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ATONEMENT

CHAPTER XII. THE ROSARY LEAGUE OF OUR LADY OF THE ATONEMENT

TO try to write an adequate history of the Society of the Atonement and to make no mention of the part occupied therein by Our Lady of the Atonement would be as grotesque as to attempt to play "The Merchant of Venice" and leave out the character of Portia. It is interesting to note how many important events in the history of the Society have coincided with prominent festivals of Our Lady. For instance, the Name of the Society was discovered on the Octave of the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Two years later, on the same feast, the Rev. Irving Johnson arrived at the Rectory in Kingston, which event led to the going of Father Wattson to Omaha. When the Reverend Mother came to Graymoor it was on the Octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and it was one week previous, on the Feast day itself, that the Chaplain who was to minister to the Sisters reached Graymoor. The Friary ground was broken on Our Lady's birthday in 1900, and the building was dedicated in honor of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception on December 8th, as was noted in the last chapter. And so we might go on.

It is the duty of the historian to record events as they transpire. It is not necessarily his function to pass judgment upon the credibility of the witnesses who supply the alleged facts, especially if their testimony relates to matters which belong to the sphere of the supernatural. We are now about to record three apparitions of the Blessed Virgin which are a part of the Graymoor tradition; whether they are to be given full credence or to be altogether discredited belongs to the sphere of the critic rather than the writer of this chronicle.

A TELEGRAM AND HOW IT WAS ANSWERED

When Father Wattson was head of the Associate Mission in Omaha the daughter of one of the lay officers of St. John's Church was twice brought to the brink of the grave and twice restored to health, and as a result of grace bestowed upon her conceived a strong desire to become a Sister in some religious Community, and when the Sisterhood of the Atonement was established at Graymoor she turned her thoughts in that direction. But one seemingly insurmountable obstacle stood in the way. She was very conscientious and could not bring herself to say the Hail Mary, feeling that it was contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture and of the Episcopal Church. Father Wattson wrote several letters to remove from her mind this difficulty but without success, until on February 20, 1900, he received a telegram sent by a friend of Miss E—— asking if he would pray for the recovery of her father, who was prostrated with pneumonia and her sister *in extremis* at the hospital. Father Wattson was then living in the delapidated paint shop, named "Palace of Lady Poverty," and a little while after receiving the telegram he sat down and wrote the following letter:

Dear A——: I have had your letter on my table waiting its turn to be answered for several days, and now this afternoon comes Mr. Lamb's telegram asking prayers for Emily and your father.

I at once laid this dispatch on the altar here in my own tiny oratory, not only praying directly to God, but addressing the Blessed Virgin I said, "O Holy Mary, Mother of God, this message, which has come to me from fifteen hundred miles away, I now send on to you, asking you to intercede even as they have asked me; if my prayers are of any value to prevail with God, how much more are yours, O Holy Mother of Jesus, and, by His last will and testament on the Cross, our Mother too," (See John xix:26, 27.) Presently I go down to St. Francis' House for Vespers, and then I will lay the telegram at the foot of the altar in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Angels.

To the Sisters Father Wattson said: "Now is our opportunity. Miss E—— desires to become a Sister of the Atonement and is only prevented because she does not believe Our Blessed Lady can hear prayers. Nevertheless she has faith enough in me to wire me halfway across the continent to pray for the restoration for her father and sister. We will send this telegram on to Our Lady and I beg you to intercede with the Mother of God to show this young woman that she is able to hear prayers."

The letter just quoted was crossed on its way to Omaha by one from the young lady saying that

her father had actually returned to his work and that her sister had astonished the doctors by a sudden change for the better when blindness and the swelling in her limbs indicated the immediate approach of death. In spite of this remarkable demonstration of the efficacy of Our Lady's intercession, the young lady did not at once overcome her doubts and disbelief. But little by little the light of faith was given to her. On the date of August 26th, Father Wattson wrote to her as follows:

Your letter came to me on the octave day of the Feast of the Assumption, and it was Our Lady's answer to my oft-repeated request that she would by her power with God bring you at last to see and believe that she was your own dear Mother in Heaven, and all these months and years has been watching over you with a mother's tenderest love and care. Now you are convinced of this, and I am so glad. Our dear Lord Himself will mean more to you now that He has enriched your spiritual life with the added devotion and love you will henceforth increasingly experience toward His Virgin Mother. It makes me very happy to think of your coming to Graymoor so soon, and I trust indeed your father will be able to obtain for you a pass.

ILLUSTRATION ON THE COVER OF ROSE LEAVES

THE SISTER'S MEMORANDUM

She actually reached Graymoor at the end of 1900. Among the documents and papers placed in our hands for the compiling of this history we find a memorandum, written years ago by this favored child of Mary, who is still a member of the Graymoor Community and we publish it now for the first time without the slightest alteration:

"*One night in February, 1901, I was awakened after I had been in my bed a short time. At first I thought I had been called by the house caller, but when I opened my eyes the cell was light (but not daylight) and in the opposite corner stood a most beautiful lady. She had on a blue tunic and red mantle, in her left hand she had a heart which she was holding toward me. My first thought was, 'I was dreaming,' but when she disappeared the cell was in darkness and I lay awake some time, but feeling sure it was Our Lady who had come to show me she loved me and that I was to love her more. I had never seen her represented as I saw her that night nor have I seen her since and have always been looking for a card or painting of her like it.*"

It is specially worthy of note in the Sister's account of her vision that the "beautiful lady" wore a "red mantle" over a "blue tunic." After receiving an account of what we have just related a devout Poor Clare nun in Belgium wrote to a member of the Society giving expression to her joy, for she had long been praying that somewhere in the world the Blessed Virgin would appear clothed in a red mantle in honor of the Precious Blood of the Atonement. In the August, 1905, number of *Rose Leaves from Our Lady's Garden at Graymoor* we have found the following detailed account of the second apparition of the Blessed Virgin, which we have selected for a place in the present chapter:

THE SECOND APPARITION AS RELATED IN ROSE LEAVES

There are more than half a dozen events in the history of our foundation of a character inexplicable upon any other than a supernatural basis. We hesitate even to refer to these, and yet one, at least, is so intimately bound up with the Society's devotion to the Holy Mother under the invocation of "Our Lady of the Atonement," that to omit all reference to it would to a few who read these notes leave a sense of loss and almost of unreality. Before going on to relate the

occurrence we think it right to say that, grateful as we certainly are to God for this and the several other occurrences which assisted our faith and comforted us at critical moments in our history, still we do not feel that we have been either desirous of them, credulous when they were granted, or unduly influenced by them. There are as great and safer marvels of God's dealings with His people in the shaping of their lives that occur continually from day to day, and in great crises and turning points the unmistakable directions of God's providence declaring to us, this is the way, walk ye in it.

It was Sunday evening in the octave of All Saints, 1900. For reasons which we may not now go into, it had been for some days a time of grave anxiety for the little company of Sisters in St. Francis' House, and to our Mother especially there was not wanting the danger of even possible physical violence. Vespers of the Festival had been sung and Benediction was over. Our Mother was kneeling in Chapel by a window overlooking the Sacristy door opening out of doors. Suddenly she heard a sound of crying, and glancing out of the window saw the little acolyte, ten-year-old John, still in his red cassock and, as we have just said, weeping. Hastening out to him, the Mother put her arms about him and said: "Why, Johnnie! What is the matter?"

He replied: "I just saw something."

Surprised, the Mother questioned: "What did you see, and why are you crying about it?" Still sobbing, he managed to say: "I just saw Our Lady, and I am crying because I was so surprised." The Mother was rather incredulous for some time and questioned him very closely as to how he knew the appearance he believed he had seen was Our Lady; just where he saw her, how she looked, etc. Every time he repeated the same description: "She was large and very beautiful; he knew it was Our Lady, for she had the Christ-Child in her arms; she appeared suddenly at the very moment the ostensorium was raised; she was on the Gospel side, right near where he was kneeling."

The child's evident surprise and excitement, and yet his positive assertions, impossible of simulation, even had he been that kind of a child, which he was not, finally convinced us of the reality of the apparition; and a few days later a guest at the Friary, hearing the account, gave us the present very beautiful Munich statue of Our Lady to commemorate it. We are quite ready to believe and be consoled with the thought that our dear Mother came that night to reassure her Children of the Atonement, and to tell them to fear nothing—though she was visible only to a little child.

The cut of Our Lady on the cover of Rose Leaves is an exact reproduction of the statue as it stands in the Convent Chapel, near the spot of her appearance.

THE THIRD APPARITION

The third alleged apparition of the Blessed Virgin which we record is briefly noted in an incomplete diary kept by Father Paul under the date of Saturday, March 4th, 1905. The memorandum reads as follows:

"On this night (Saturday), while Edward and Gordon Gregory were saying night prayers in Chapel, there being no light but the sanctuary lamp, Gordon saw a large white cross from ceiling to the floor on which hung Our Lord, and Our Lady knelt to the left (Epistle side), a round white globe between her and the foot of the cross. This Gordon told immediately on coming out to the Father and returning he still saw the Crucified One, though fainter, and Our Lady had disappeared."

Because as her dying request their mother has asked it, the two boys, Edward and Gordon, had come to live at the Friary in 1904 and it had become a custom of the Father Superior to take them into Chapel in the evening before they went to bed and kneeling between them before the altar to recite with them their night prayers. On this particular night there was no light in the Chapel other than the dim red lamp burning before the altar. When they came out of the Chapel, Gordon, the younger of the two boys, a sturdy little man nine years of age, in a voice so low as to be almost a whisper said to the Reverend Father: "Father, I saw something in Chapel," and, being taken aside, he described what he saw as a large cross reaching from the floor to the ceiling upon which hung the figure of Our Blessed Saviour and to the left of the cross knelt the Blessed Virgin in an attitude of prayer, while between her and the base of the cross was a white globe.

Father Paul has always strongly believed in the reality of this apparition, because he knew so well the honest, matter of fact Scotch boy, who was the eye witness. Gordon scorned a lie as much as George Washington and he was of too common sense a turn of mind ever to employ his imagination in concocting heavenly visions.

Even on the supposition that both John-Marie and Gordon, nearly of the same age, were dupes of their own imagination and deceived their elders, there remains a fitness of place and a relation between the two apparitions that is under any hypothesis quite extraordinary. St. Francis' House has always been regarded by the mem-

bers of the Society as the Bethlehem of the Graymoor Institute, whereas the Mount of the Atonement has been looked upon as its Calvary. Oh happy accident, if accident it was, that Our Lady should have stood among the candlesticks in the Convent Chapel holding the Babe of Bethlehem in her arms and that upon the Mount of the Atonement Jesus should have been seen by the eyes of a child lifted high upon Calvary's Cross and His Mother in the attitude of prayer pleading for the soul of men, while a white globe between typified the multitudes out of every nation, tribe and tongue made white by the Atoning Blood of Him, Whom John the Baptist pointed out to his disciples, saying: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

THE ROSARY LEAGUE AND ROSE LEAVES

The Rosary League of Our Lady of the Atonement began to be in October, the month of the Holy Rosary, 1901. It was organized as one of the fruits of the Mission held in St. Barnabas' Church, Brooklyn, mentioned in the last chapter and a dainty little monthly called *Rose Leaves from Our Lady's Garden at Graymoor,* was published to set forth and promote the objects of the Rosary League.

Rose Leaves

from our

Lady's Garden

at

Graymoor

The Beulah-Land of the Atonement.

Subscription Price—10 cents a year

A FAC SIMILE OF OUTSIDE COVER OF FIRST NUMBER, OCTOBER, 1901

We quote from the first number the explanation given by the Editor of the title of the tiny publication:

WHY CALL THE ORGAN OF THE ROSARY LEAGUE "ROSE LEAVES"?

The association of the names must be evident to every thoughtful person who has a grain of poetry in his makeup. The beads are called the Rosary because they are the framework upon which the loving children of Mary, in meditation and prayer weave a garland of fragrant roses wherewith to crown the May Queen of Heaven. But he who gathers roses enhances the beauty of the collection by deftly mingling with the pink, or white, or red, a cluster of green leaves here and there. So, in like manner, by the leaves of this little volume the devotion of the Rosary is enhanced and promoted.

BUT WHAT ARE THE READERS OF ROSE LEAVES TO UNDERSTAND BY "OUR LADY'S GARDEN AT GRAYMOOR"?

Graymoor is the birthplace of the Society of the Atonement, and the Rosary League was also conceived and born there. It is indeed "a fair place" and "a goodly heritage."

Then follows a description of Graymoor which concludes thus:

Such is our poor description of Our Lady's Garden from which Rose Leaves are sent you. When the lovers of St. Francis visit Assisi they are shown the little garden where the great Saint was assailed by the temptations of the flesh and triumphed over the adversary by rolling amid the thorns of a rose-bush until the blood stained its foliage. From that time, so the tradition runs, the bush became thornless, and its leaves were spotted with blood. These blood-stained leaves are plucked from the bush and taken by the pilgrims to their homes in far-distant lands and kept as sacred treasures. May we not hope that "Rose Leaves From Our Lady's Garden" will be treasured too by those who receive the little paper, not only because of the witness it bears to Catholic truth and the honor of the Mother of God, but also because it is a monthly visitor from Graymoor, the Beulah Land of the Atonement?

Rose Leaves truly deserves to be likened to a mustard seed, not only by reason of its size, being about the smallest magazine to be found in the field of literature, but what has grown out of its sowing finely illustrates God's beautiful way of

bringing big things out of little ones. Not only did THE LAMP grow out of *Rose Leaves*, while the Rosary League of Our Lady of the Atonement has a thousand members now where it had one to start with, but one mighty far-reaching work of the Catholic Church is to be directly traced back to a single copy of *Rose Leaves*.

In the Third Book of Kings we read how "a certain man bent his bow, shooting at a venture, and chanced to smite the King of Israel" between the joints of his armor. Much like an arrow, shot at a venture, sped a random copy of Rose Leaves across the American Continent and the Pacific Ocean, to Japan, the Kingdom of the Rising Sun, and penetrated the study of the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, M.A., President of St. Paul's College and next in authority to the Bishop in the Anglican missionary jurisdiction of Tokyo. The dainty tract with pink cover fascinated the scholar and the missionary. He wrote to the Reverend Mother at Graymoor acknowledging its receipt. This led to further correspondence until the Rev. Arthur Lloyd became a convinced advocate of the principles of Corporate Re-Union enunciated later on by THE LAMP. In fact, the second issue of THE LAMP contained an article by Mr. Lloyd in which he stated that he as a practical expression of his belief in the Rock of Peter as the Center of Catholic Unity had taken to paying Peter's Pence. That article cost him his resignation of St. Paul's College, and also of his position as President of the Standing Committee of the Missionary Jurisdiction of Tokyo.

By the appointment of the late Emperor of Japan, who held him in high esteem, he became a professor in the Imperial University and on the occasion of sending his periodical offering of Peter's Pence to the late Holy Father, Pope Pius X at the close of the Russo-Japanese war, he ventured to recommend to the Supreme Pontiff the wisdom of writing a letter to the Mikado, thanking him for the considerate treatment which the Catholic soldiers had received at the hands of the Emperor during the course of the war. Pope Pius X in his humility and zeal for souls accepted the suggestion and commissioned the present Cardinal Archbishop of Boston to deliver the letter. Bishop O'Connell, as the Pope's Ambassador, was graciously received by the Mikado and the direct result of the embassy was the establishment by consent of the Emperor of a Catholic University in Tokyo, now being administered by the Jesuits. And so, the existence of this University, which is destined, we trust, to bring multitudes of the Japanese people into the Fold of Peter, can be directly traced to a single copy of *Rose Leaves*.

The wife of Mr. Lloyd gave eloquent tribute to the influence of this little magazine in a letter she addressed to the Sisters of the Atonement while her husband was prostrated with illness brought on by the persecution he suffered for conscience sake. That letter of vigorous protest concluded with this phillipic: "Send to my husband no more of those little pink tracts."

LOYOLA VILLA

(The Summer House for the Scholastics of the St. Louis Province, Society of Jesus, overlooking the beautiful Rainbow Lake, Waupaca, Wis.)

By JAMES LOUIS SMALL

High throned above the tossing waters of the lake
the villa stands,
Flinging the challenge of the Crucified across the
gleaming sands.
By day the laughing clouds, by night the stars,
close set in Heaven's steep,
With Saints and Angels long and watchful vigil
keep.
Here, for a space, the soldiers of the Lord have
stilled their battle song;
Here, camped in bivouac, they rest far from the
busy throng;
And from her honored place on yon celestial
height
The fair Queen Mother bends in benediction
bright.

The preponderance of Catholicism in Ceylon at the present time is very marked, says the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger*. In seven out of nine provinces more than seventy per cent. of the Christians are Catholics.

THE GIFT OF TEARS

By Hugh Anthony Allen

EVERYBODY said it was a charming affair. The private theatricals had passed off absolutely without a hitch. An imported Hungarian orchestra played weird Magyar mélodies while various of society's most delightful debutantes disported themselves in rather risque postures as nymphs and dryads and other mythological creatures whose taste in lingerie permitted broad interpretation and shocking execution.

Then there were tableaux and jongleurs and masques and exhibition dancing. Decidedly the brilliant scenes reflected great credit on its originator and the ball that followed was a dream of beauty. The Plaza ball-room was a veritable bower of exotic fragrance and gay splendor with its thousands of delicately-tinted electric lights and its profusion of lovely blooms.

Young Mrs. De Puyster Van Schaick gazed on the animated picture with an air of benign satisfaction, and metaphorically slapped herself on the back, which just then was exposed in all its plumpness by reason of a daringly decollete gown, the conventions being preserved and impending catastrophe averted by a single velvet strip hanging perilously on one shoulder.

Stray whispers from the surging maelstrom of dancers were occasionally wafted to her by an indulgent breeze.

"How very beautiful she looks!" and again, "How sweetly thoughtful of her!" they murmured in rapturous adoration as they passed.

Young Mrs. De Puyster Van Schaick thrilled with ecstasy as she listened.

She had a house on Fifth Avenue, a villa at Newport, a place in the Highlands, a flat in Paris, a chateau on the Loire, a palace at Sorrento and a hunting-lodge in the Tyrol. She had a stomacher of rubies, a tiara on top of her front hair and another upside down under her back hair, chains upon chains of diamonds, ropes upon ropes of pearls, ten thousand dollars to pay at the Customs House, two or three automobiles, an aeroplane, a box at the opera, a motor rug lined with ermine, a kennel of prize Pekingese, appendicitis and twenty pounds of snowy egrets. And yet, their abject adulation was to her what absinthe is to a Parisian Apache.

As she surveyed the fashionable throng through her lorgnon, her soul was filled with that pulsating joy which comes of the knowledge of a good deed well done. For, be it known, this was a charity affair of her own planning.

* * * * * * *

In a room on the top floor of a crowded East Side tenement house was another woman. She was no older than Mrs. De Puyster Van Schaick if you measure age by years, but years, somehow or other, do not always count in such matters.

She had lived a long time, it seemed to her as she looked back through the phantasmagoria of her own life. It had been a hard life, always, with an utter absence of the little amenities which serve to sweeten and make lighter existence in this mundane sphere. She had always had a wistful yearning for the luxuries, the purring softness of life, but poverty had been her portion and unbelievable tribulation her lot. There had been temptations, many of them, staring at her from the cobwebbed corners of her garret like grim, mocking spectres, tantalizing her to take the awful step which spelled ruin for many another wretched creature. But always, in her most heartrending vicissitudes she had kept before her the vision of a good old Irish mother and the memory of him, the training of whose children in ways of right living had been her deathless impetus.

Across the dingy hall there lived another woman with a sidelong smile and a red feather in her hat who laughed and jeered at her and flaunted the showy luxury of her shame in her face, but the mother adhered to her steadfast purpose. She was a good woman.

Eking out a miserable living from the manufacture of "pants," she managed to just keep the bodies and souls of herself and her little ones together, but the pay was poor and the work required great effort. She fell ill under the strain. Matters had now reached a crisis. She and the little ones were starving.

Suddenly, and without apparent reason, or without any new reason at least, the desperate woman began to weep terrible sobs, choked with

passion. The children regarded her in an affrighted group at the foot of the bed. The little boy straightened his shoulders.

"I don't want my mama to cry," he said fiercely, shaking his fists. "I won't have it, I say!"

It was a piteous wail, this small boy's plaint, a cry against the universe, against the existing order of things which decreed that well-fed, happy women not half as pretty as his mother should take their leisure and enjoy life while she lay starving and sick unto death in a wretched garret. It was a brave little cry, but it died inarticulately in his parched throat.

The woman gazed hungrily at him through her emaciated fingers and hurriedly dried her eyes, ashamed of her weakness. How selfish she had been! She knew the ladies uptown were going to help her. She knew that on this very night they were having a "benefit." She knew that the tickets were ten dollars, including supper, and that a great many had been sold.

Ah, what a grand affair it must be. How she wished she could see it, knowing that all the money was for her and the little ones. She might have gone and peeped through a window somewhere, perhaps, but she couldn't leave the children, even if she had strength to travel all the way uptown. They were crying from hunger, but they wouldn't be crying long; there was a great deal of consolation in that. Wouldn't they soon be rich?

THE PITIFUL RESIDUE

It took precisely a week for young Mrs. De Puyster Van Schaick and her charitable protegés to square up their accounts. This part of the transaction proved rather a bore. In their supine self-absorption, none gave a thought to the mighty mystery of pain and suffering which fell as the shadow of God's hand upon thousands about them. Each was like a silent, golden harp waiting to be played on, waiting for the master touch to make them burst into song. The music in them, the divine music of love for humanity swelling at the bottom of their hearts, so resolutely repressed in a mistaken effort to acquire poise, now merely gave forth a sound as of tinkling cymbals, harsh, raucous and discordant. Their charity, like everything else that was theirs, was sublimated and etherialized. None realized that song springs most poignantly from lips that bleed, that the gift of tears, the power of immeasurable sympathy, is bestowed only on those courageous souls who descend to the brink as Dante did, and gaze on Hell. As it was, they unbended only in the abstract and considered their course one of heroic virtue. There was the rent of the ball-room to be paid and the bills from the florists and musicians. The supper had cost a great deal more than had been expected, and there were so many little things that hadn't been taken into the calculation at all. It quite took one's breath away.

At young Mrs. De Puyster Van Schaick's house, where all the meetings of the charitable protegés were held, the accounts were finally straightened out after a deal of talking and an enormous consumption of *petit fours*. The treasurer reported that after all bills had been paid there was a balance of seven dollars and fifty-nine cents.

Young Mrs. De Puyster Van Schaick was deeply gratified. It was more than she had expected, for she had had experience in such things before. Anyway, she had received a delightful write-up in the most exclusive papers as society's lady bountiful, and the thing was a distinct success.

And so, as the easiest way out of it, having discharged a sacred duty in a conscientious manner and to the satisfaction of all concerned, it was suggested that a committee of two should be appointed to take the surplus and expend it to the best interest of the worthy family in whose aid the entertainment had been projected. So young Mrs. De Puyster Van Schaick, who was due at a bridge party in half an hour, named a girl in a dress by Paquin and a girl with red hair to wind up the affair at their own discretion.

HOW CHARITY'S DOLE WAS EXPENDED

Each felt the enthusiasm of a new experience. They would start out at once. At the curb stood the limousine car owned by the father of the girl with the red hair.

In a room on the top floor of a crowded East Side tenement house a gaunt-faced woman was trying to still the hungry cries of three gaunt-faced children.

The girl in the gown by Paquin and the girl

with red hair had all the afternoon before them. Neither had to dress before six. One was going to the opera and the other had a dinner-dance. But that didn't matter. They were bound on an errand of mercy. What was the opera, what was a dinner-dance compared with the newly awakened sensation of being, in a sense, angels of charity?

They felt a proprietary interest in the fund that had been placed at their disposal. Hadn't they assisted in raising it by their own efforts? Hadn't the girl in the Paquin gown carried a spear in the private theatricals? And the girl with the red hair—well, er—hadn't she done the ultimate in tangoes?

It wouldn't do to spend the money entrusted to their care foolishly. They both realized that. They would go from shop to shop and see where it could be invested to the very best advantage. All through the afternoon they were filled with a deep contentment. From shop to shop they flitted and were supremely happy.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these——"

The quotation of the girl with the red hair was cut short by a clock striking six. Where had the afternoon gone? The opera and the dinner-dance suddenly assumed unexpected importance. They were going up Broadway.

"Stop at Park and Tilford's," screamed the girl with red hair to the chauffeur.

"We must hurry," said the girl in the Paquin gown, as they swept through the door held open for them by the negro boy in livery. A barrel of prunes met her eye. There was a whispered consultation.

"My dear, I've heard they are very nourishing," said the girl with red hair. "I suppose they will do as well as anything else. We haven't much time."

There was another whispered consultation.

"As many as you can send for seven dollars and fifty-nine cents," said the girl with red hair to the clerk. "There is the money and here is the address."

She handed the man a slip of paper. At the door she turned.

"Have them delivered as soon as possible, please. A very urgent case. Family starving, and all that. Top floor, number——"

"For goodness sake, hurry up," from the girl in the Paquin gown. "I shall be late for the——"

The door of the limousine clanged and the car sped swiftly through a side street to the avenue. But the girl in the Paquin gown did not go to the opera. She sat very still in her boudoir thinking, while her maid laid out the creation in which she was to dazzle the staring multitude that evening. Suddenly she rose and taking up the phone, she cancelled her engagement and quickly donned street attire.

"Tell Armand to hurry," she cried to the maid. "I must go on an errand at once. Do your hear?"

Perhaps it was a furtive awakening of conscience, perhaps it was a suspicion of the tradeperson's integrity; at any rate, she was obsessed by the conviction that they should have personally attended to the distribution of their largess that no mistake might possibly be made. She resolved at this late hour to see the thing through; it would be a rather unique adventure, she thought.

FROM PALACE TO TENEMENT

The chauffeur sniffed imperceptibly as she gave the address and contemptuously manipulated the motor through purlieus where the appearance of a huge limousine with a lovely young girl in the tonneau was a startling occurrence if not an event, and it attracted considerable attention before it finally stopped in front of a tenement which was by far the most disreputable in the block. Leaving the car in the care of an inquisitive cop the chauffeur reluctantly followed his mistress up interminable stairs till they paused breathlessly before a half-opened door.

In the far end of the room a pallid woman on a wretched trundle bed held a dead baby to her breast. Two gaunt-looking little children hovered near and gazed at her wonderingly. She did not stir at the sound of the approaching footsteps. Her eyes, dull, lifeless, were riveted in a horrible fascination on the glassy ones of the child.

The girl touched her gently on the arm. It fell weakly to her side and something dropped from her hand. It was the broken fragment of a rosary. With an odd sensation which she could not define, the girl looked around her.

She saw the abject poverty of her surroundings, the pitiful attempts at neatness and decoration which hinted at former ease and a not altogether extinguished pride of a kind, pathetic as it was. She saw the ragged children, almost imbecile from want of food.

There was the sound of a shuffling footstep and the slattern from across the way stuck her head in the door curiously. She was clad in a gaudy kimono.

"Dead, eh?" observed the woman, contemptuously. "She used to make pants," she continued with a coarse laugh, pointing to a pile of tiny garments which the visitor had not before perceived.

"She thought she knew everything; who's loony now?" she snarled. Her lips parted in a spiteful grin and the girl caught the gleaming of rapacious teeth.

She flushed vividly, and her averted gaze was arrested by an atrociously colored lithograph of the Crucified Christ on the opposite wall.

"Inasmuch——" she whispered, recalling the quotation of the girl with the red hair. Suddenly, overwhelmed with humiliation as she recalled the episode of the prunes, she sank in a quivering heap by the bed.

"Oh!" she choked, covering her face with her hands.

THE VISION OF BETTER THINGS

All the hard cynical veneer of her cruel, uncompromising world had vanished now. She saw it in all its hideous artificiality, its jeering sophistication, its sybaritic debauchery, its bland viciousness, its selfish superiority and pitiful pride of race and position, and an inexplicable feeling of great revulsion swept over her for the pleasure-mad, heartless, self-centered existence which was the only life she had ever known.

Vaguely she realized that there were other things, bigger, better, sweeter than the delirious round of worldly dissipation to which she had been accustomed. Some subtle influences were at work moulding and transforming her. Before, she had been as in a dream, languorous, indolent, but now the sense of how rich her life might become in benediction and helpfulness to others swept over her. Jesus of Nazareth, who, while on earth, "went about doing good" and gave His life for humanity, seemed to be passing by and calling her, saying softly. "Follow Me."

She looked with a wonderful compassion at the cowering children.

"Oh, my dears!" she sobbed, in a broken voice, as they timidly advanced within her warm embrace and twined their little arms around her neck.

Love on wing through the quiet room had stooped and kissed her. Full, warm and sweet, the kiss lay on her lips and invaded her being, arousing her. It had come at last, the gift of tears, with the power of a sudden, unlooked-for conversion. Rustling at her heart was the blessed spirit of Him Who Himself had gathered little children into His arms, so she hugged the motherless ones close in her ecstacy and her eyes were luminous with the purpose of God's true charity, not man's mockery and travesty of it.

The chauffeur gazed upon her with a sardonic expression and walked to the door. He had had enough of the dismal spectacle; such scenes were not at all to his liking. He decided that the street, in spite of its distressing odors, was preferable.

As he swept down the stairs he almost collided with the ascending figure of a placid-looking nun whose destination was evidently identical with that which had so lately been his own. Wonderingly she surveyed the tableau through the open doorway. The woman in the kimono turned guiltily from a battered old bureau she had been ransacking and strode with a defiant tread to her own quarters. With a comprehensive glance around the wretched room, the nun crossed silently to the girl and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Come, daughter," she said, kindly. "I see we can do nothing, and the children must be taken to the asylum. It is very sad."

The nun sighed wistfully.

"It is very hard. I came as quickly as I could, yet I was too late. We have so many cases almost if not so tragic as this. Much of the present system of giving is wrong. We should help the poor without hurting their self-respect. What rich people need is a great spiritual awakening, something that will pierce through the thick folds of their vain ambitions and touch with its sharp

probe that hidden self which now seems so far beyond reach. They control their impulses toward the personal giving of alms for fear of seeming undignified and losing caste. Their benefactions are restricted and occur usually after a dreary investigation by paid menials or some coldly scientific society. Many abuses have crept in. The joy of doing charity has been lost. It is only by an effort that your friends have obscured this beautiful side of their nature; it is not dead. It is more vital than you think. Giving is one of the most delicate of all human privileges and should be exercised with discrimination. These people very naturally resent the demand made upon them to stand up and be labeled 'poorer classes,' which some organized charities require before their aid is extended. The St. Vincent de Paul Conference, on the other hand, recognizes these waifs as fellow outcasts of the Christ Child—but it needs money and food and clothes and people. We cannot do half the work."

The girl seemed puzzled.

"But surely, the woman across the way must have known," she faltered. "Why didn't she help?"

"My child," the nun said softly, "there are phases of life which the good God would keep from young hearts."

"But can't I do something? I feel so humiliated!" she said, meekly telling her story.

"I feel that I *must* do something!" the girl cried, rising feverishly. "Let me take you home. My motor is waiting below. Come, we will talk on the way!"

The nun was gazing pensively at the ghastly forms on the bed. Only the world father, seeing the mystic end and beginning, knew why the pageant was so shot through with mortal sorrow. Yet might not this be some scheme of His, dreamed of in the dawn of Creation to even the score? She knew that some of the greatest vocations had been determined by just such a flash of spiritual illumination as the girl had experienced.

Strange thoughts chased themselves through her mind as turning silently with the children, she followed the girl downstairs and into the waiting automobile. As they darted through a side street winding tortuously in the gloom, they grazed the truck of a fashionable uptown grocer which was on its way to deliver some prunes.

THE BROTHER CHRISTOPHER

(An Extreme Type)

High priest of idleness; knight of the wayside;
Child of the wanderlust; unbidden guest;
Diner al fresco and king of the free ride;
Living exponent of perpetual rest.
Tenant of box car and abstracted tinders;
Master of misfit and unfit to boot;
Grimed with the dust of the road and its cinders;
Tailored with rags and the discarded suit.
Unwilling wielder of buck-saw or hand axe;
Trial of the bailiff and thrifty housewife;
Self-possessed owner of orchards and haystacks;
Nonchalant type of the "don't worry" life.
Scorner of soap and the shave and its glory;
Artist in fiction and low "Thankee, Mum;"
Author relator of true hard-luck story—
"Couldn't get work 'n that's why I'm a bum."
Flotsam and jetsam on life's passing river;
Weary and wandering, clouted and clout;
Butt of the jester and scorn of the giver;
Ever and always a real down-and-out.
Unkempt, unclean, and a bundle of tatters;
Vagabond, beggar, low riffraff, and scamp;
Yet to the love of God even he matters—
And he our brother is, though but a tramp.

JOHN LAURENCE McMASTER.

AN ANCIENT PRESCRIPTION

The following curious recipe for the present health of the body and the eternal salvation of the soul is copied from a paper which was posted on a door in a convent of Capuchin friars in Messina:

Of the roots of faith,
Of the flowers of hope,
Of the roses of charity,
Of the lilies of purity,
Of the wormwood of contrition,
Of the violets of humility,
Of the agaric of contentment,
Equal parts and as much as you can,
All to be mixed in the syrup of confession,
Ground in the mortar of conscience,
Dissolved in the water of tears,
Steeped in the fire of tribulation; and make of this a potion,
To be taken morning and evening.

Among Our Exchanges

The War in Europe

We will try to be unprejudiced and give a fair idea to our readers of the real situation which brought on this appalling war. But as a preparation to such a study, let it be remembered that no nation is foolish enough to go to war without reason. Especially is this true when all of Europe has been, for a quarter of a century, sitting over a powder magazine, with everybody smoking. Under such conditions every one interested watches the sparks.

It is true that Austria brought on the war. But back of that statement of fact is a situation which few people take the time to consider. For years Austria has been menaced by the Russian dream of Slav unity, which means nothing more than a protectorate by Russia over all the Slavic peoples, with the ultimate idea of bringing them all under Russian rule. The great obstacle to the realization of this dream is the fact that the Slavs are divided religiously between the so-called "Orthodox" and the Catholic Church. The religious line is a stone wall which the call of the blood has never been able to cross. Now the Russian Orthodox Church has been a persecutor, as Poland knows to its sorrow. In higher circles it is a political machine of great power, which, in the hands of astute statesmen, has had that power greatly increased. The Catholic Slav knows this; hence he has consistently refused to listen to the appeal for Slav unity, which, to him, means only persecution for conscience sake. Austria has been the protector of the Slavic Catholics; not because they love Austria, but because they love their religion and need a protector. Ineffectual attempts have been made to break down the loyalty of these Slav Catholics: Ruthenians, Poles, Bohemians, etc. The forced baptism of the young Crown Prince of Bulgaria into the Russian Church shows how Russia works to destroy the religious obstacle to her ambitions.

Now, all of this was well known to Austria—and something else also. Since the Balkan War, plots have centered in Servia which looked to the destruction of the Austrian Empire. The plotting was done by men very closely attached to the Servian court. One of their incident effects was the assassination of Prince Franz Ferdinand. But back of these plots stood "the man higher up," whose personality may easily be guessed. Austria seized her opportunity to demand a smashing of the plots and plotters. Servia immediately gave way, as far as she could; but the one point upon which she dared not give way was the most important point—the demand of Austria to sit with the investigators of the assassination. Servia could not grant that, for it would mean the disclosure not only of the actual plotters, but also show how high the plotting went. Such a showing might have precipitated the war with only a few months' difference in the firing of the first gun.

The moment Austria put up her protest against the plotters, the war became inevitable. Servia could not yield without betraying what she dared not betray. Austria could not yield without leaving her empire in constant danger of destruction. Alliances, ties of blood, national jealousies and international fears account for the rest of it.

Extension.

How Did the War Begin?

The war now raging in Europe presents a strange anomaly, a gigantic and terrible struggle of a large number of empires and kingdoms, the responsibility for which all the nations involved repudiate. There can be no doubt that all foresaw the danger clearly, and wished to escape it. Sir Edward Grey predicted that if it came "the war would be the biggest ever known." (English "White Paper," No. 46.) The German Secretary of State said to Sir H. Rumbold, "that he had given the Russian Government to understand that the last thing Germany wanted was a general war, and he would do all in his power to prevent such a calamity." (No. 18.) The German Ambassador in an interview held at 2 a.m. at St. Petersburg, "completely broke down on seeing that war was inevitable." (No. 97.)

Sir Edward Grey said to the German Ambassador in London: "I hated the idea of war between any of the great powers, and that any of them should be dragged into a war by Servia would be detestable." (No. 1.) M. Cambon declared: "France is pacific; she does not desire war." (No. 99.) M. Sazanof stated "he was completely weary of the ceaseless endeavors he had made to avoid a war." (No. 139.) Austria protested again and again that she sought nothing but the chastisement of Servia, and protection from her machinations.

How, then, did the war begin? Was it without a reason? Who counseled it? Who caused it? In reply various solutions have been offered. Some insist that it was due to the rulers; it is, they claim, a conflict of the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs; it could never have taken place amongst democracies. But in contradiction of this nothing could be more vehement than the desires of peace expressed by the Czar, the Kaiser, and by King George V. "I thank you from my heart for your mediation," telegraphed Nicholas to William, "which permits a gleam of hope that everything can yet be settled peaceably. We are far from desirous of war. I am trusting in the grace of God with all my might and hope for the success of your mediation in Vienna, for the welfare of our countries, and for the peace of Europe." (July 31.) Compare similar most friendly exchange of communication between the other crowned heads of Europe.

If we make a careful analysis of the documents so far within our reach, certain truths will come to light, which, so far as I know, have not as yet been insisted on. There can be no doubt that France was convinced that if England, supported by her two allies, would take a firm stand, Germany and her ally Austria would not dare to enter into war. In a conference held at St. Petersburg on July 24th between M. Sazanof and the English and French ambassador, the latter expressed the opinion "that either Austria had made up her mind to act at once or that she was 'bluffing.' Whichever it might be our only chance of averting war was for us to adopt a firm and united attitude." (No. 6.) This conviction was shared later by the French President and M. Sazanof. "He (M. Cambon) is convinced that peace between the powers is in the hands of Great Britain. If his Majesty's Government announced that England would come to the aid of France in the event of a conflict between France and Germany, as a result of the difference between Austria and Servia, there would be no war, for Germany would at once modify her attitude." (No. 89.) Similar sentiments were expressed by the Russian Premier. On July 25 Sir G. Buchanan informed Sir Edward Grey: "He (M. Sazanof) did not believe that Germany really wanted war, but her attitude was decided by ours. If we took our stand firmly with France and Russia there would be no war. If we failed them now rivers of blood would flow, and we would in the end be dragged into war." (No. 17.) Even after Austria had determined on war with Servia, Russia reposed entirely on the initiative of England. "From now on nothing remains for us to do but to rely entirely on the British Government to take the initiative in the steps which they may consider advisable." (No. 93 (3) July 29th.)

England was thus pressed by her allies to take a firm and threatening attitude. M. Buchanan at St. Petersburg at first seemed to share the opinion that such policy was the best; he said that Lord Grey "might be willing to make a strong representations to both German and Austrian Governments urging on them that an attack on Servia would endanger the whole peace of Europe . . . and that it would be difficult for Great Britain to keep out of the war were it to become general." (No. 6.) Next day he modified his views. As Sazanof insisted that England take a decisive stand with Germany and Russia, he said: "that England could play the role of mediator at Berlin and Vienna to better purpose as friend, who, if her counsels of moderation were disregarded, might one day be converted into an ally, than if she were to declare herself Russia's ally at once." (17.)

How well she "played this role" of Germany's friend is evinced by the protest on the part of her allies and by the hopes an disappointments of Germany. The Russian Minister declared that "unfortunately Germany was convinced of our (England's) neutrality." (No. 17.) In explanation Sir Edward Grey affirmed to Sazanof:

"This impression ought, as I have pointed out, to be dispelled by the orders we have given to the First Fleet, which is concentrated, as it happens, at Portland, not to disperse for maneuver leave." (No. 47.) When M. Cambon referred to a telegram from the French Ambassador in Berlin saying that "it was the uncertainty with regard to whether we (England) would intervene which was the encouraging element in Berlin, and that if we would only declare definitely on the side of Russia and France it would decide the German attitude in favor of peace," Sir Edward said, "that it was quite wrong to suppose that we left Germany under the impression that we would not intervene. I had refused overtures to promise that we should remain neutral. I had not only definitely declined to say that we would remain neutral, I had even gone as far this morning as to say to the German Ambassador that if France and Germany became involved in war we should be drawn into it." M. Cambon urged that "it could not be to England's interest that France should be crushed by Germany." (No. 119.) Nevertheless up to the last moment Germany was of the conviction that England was working "shoulder to shoulder" with her.

Various diplomatic proposals were made in order to avoid a rupture. Russia, however, and France began to mobilize and Germany did likewise. Germany next delivered to the Belgian Government a note proposing friendly neutrality, entailing free passage through Belgian territory, and promising to maintain the independence and integrity of the kingdom and its possessions at the conclusion of peace, threatening in case of refusal to treat Belgium as an enemy. (No. 153.) A formal assurance was sent to the British Government that "even in case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany will under no pretense whatever annex Belgian territory." (No. 157.) Sir Edward Grey insisted through Sir William Goschen on the absolute neutrality of Belgium (Nos. 153 and 157). Herr von Jagow answered that it was too late, they had already entered Belgium, being obliged "to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way." Sir William hereupon demanded his passports and war was formally declared. "In a conversation which ensued Herr von Jagow expressed his poignant regret at the crumbling of his entire policy and that of the Imperial Chancellor, which had been to make friends with Great Britain, and then, through Great Britain, to get closer to France." (Sir W. Goschen's Report, N. Y. *Times*, Aug 28, 1914.) Dr. von Bethmann-Holweg, the Imperial Chancellor, said: "The step taken by Great Britain was terrible to a degree. Just for a word, 'neutrality,' a word which in war time had been so often disregarded; just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. All his efforts in that direction had been rendered useless by that last terrible step, and the policy for which, as I (Sir William) knew, he had devoted himself since his accession to office, was tumbled down like a house of cards." England's action, the Imperial Chancellor declared, "was unthinkable. It was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants." Sir William replied: "A solemn compact simply had to be kept." (Same Report.)

That Germany was confident of England's friendship is conspicuous not only from the above interviews and negotiations, but also from the evidence of Germany's "White Paper." Furthermore Prince Lichnowsky, Germany's representative in London, accused Lord Grey of offering French neutrality. Grey excuses himself on the plea that he was misunderstood. "There was no question," he alleges, "of French neutrality in the event of a Russo-German war. Sir Edward Grey was merely making one last desperate effort to see whether Germany could be induced to remain neutral if England secured the neutrality of France." (N. Y. *Times* dispatch from London, Aug. 28, 1914.)

It is quite evident from the above that Germany, who was working for mediation through English diplomacy, hoped for a peaceful solution of the difficulty, and was confident that even if a clash with Russia ensued, England not only would not intervene, but would secure the neutrality of France. Russia, who similarly was acting through Great Britain, was equally confident that England would intervene and that Germany dreading a rupture with her would abstain from war. Both were mistaken.

Thus did the war begin. Who is responsible?

H. A. Judge, S. J., *in America*.

The Will of Peter the Great

In these troublous times, when the Empire of Russia has revealed afresh the aggressive spirit of the Slav, our readers will be interested in the celebrated Will of Peter the Great, who died in 1725. Its outline of the course to be followed by Russia in conquering Europe and the world is very remarkable. This Will may be found in the History of Russia in the Bohn series.

"(1) The Russian nation must be constantly on a war footing to keep the soldiers warlike and in good condition. No rest must be allowed, except for the purpose of relieving the state finances, recruiting the army, or biding the favorable moment of attack. By these means peace is made subservient to war, and war to peace, in the interest of aggrandisement and increasing prosperity of Russia. . . .

"(3) No opportunity must be lost of taking part in the affairs and disputes of Europe, especially in those of Germany, which from its vicinity is one of the most direct interest to us. . . .

"(8) We must keep steadily extending our frontiers—northwards along the Baltic, and southward along the shores of the Black Sea.

"(9) We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can get possession of these places is the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels, at one time with Turkey and at another with Persia. We must establish wharves and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of the sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf and, if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant through Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which are the storehouses of the world. Once there, we can dispense with English gold.

"(10) Moreover, we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing her schemes for future aggrandisement in Germany, and all the while secretly rousing the jealousy of the minor states against her. By this way we must bring it to pass that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia, and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country, which will pave the way for future supremacy.

"(11) We must make the House of Austria interested in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and we must neutralize its jealousy at the capture of Constantinople, either by pre-occupying it with a war with the old European states or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterward resume at our leisure.

"(12) We must collect around our house, as around a center, all the detached sections of Greeks which are scattered abroad in Hungary, Turkey and South Poland. We must make them look to us for support, and then, by establishing beforehand a sort of ecclesiastical supremacy, we shall pave the way for universal sovereignty.

"(13) When Sweden is ours, Persia vanished, Poland, subjugated, Turkey conquered—when our armies are united, and the Euxine and Baltic are in the possession of our ships, then we must make secret and separate overtures, first to the Court of Versailles and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accept our propositions, which is certain to happen if their ambition and self-interest are properly worked upon, we must make use of one to annihilate the other; this done, we have only to destroy the remaining one by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, as Russia will then be already in absolute possession of the East and of the best part of Europe.

"(14) Should the improbable case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia, then our policy will be to set one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Russia must then watch for and seize the favorable moment, and pour her already assembled hosts into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with Asiatic hordes and convoyed by the armed squadrons of the Euxine and the Baltic, set sail simultaneously from the Sea of Azof and the harbor of Archangel; sweeping along the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, they will overrun France on the one side, while Germany is overpowered on the other. When these countries are fully conquered the rest of Europe must fall easily and without a struggle under our yoke. Thus Europe can and must be subjugated."

The Truth About Ferrer

A remarkable book has just been published in Spain which gives the life of Francesco Ferrer as told by his late secretary and collaborator, the ex-Anarchist, Constant Leroy, under the title, "Los Secretos del Anarquismo," says a Christian Press Association correspondent. According to this unbiased account, Ferrer, after acting as waiter at a cafe, became a train conductor. While acting in this capacity his erstwhile confrere says he murdered a priest between Tarragona and Cerbere, afterwards robbing his victim. He then went to Paris, where he became acquainted with a Mlle. Meunier, who, though a Catholic, left him a considerable sum of money at her death. Having published his views on education, which, briefly summarized, mean the destruction of all social order, he married and successively abandoned his wife for another woman and the latter

for Soledad Villafranca, who became the instrument of many of his anarchistic crimes. In the worst of these, the attempt on the young Spanish royal pair on their wedding day in the Calle Mayor, some 127 persons were killed and injured. The journals are now showing their disgust of their former idol. *El Liberal*, of Madrid, speaks of the "mediocre pedagogue Ferrer who is only esteemed by a few libertines," while a Dutch Liberal journal of Antwerp characterizes him as "the Bandit Ferrer." Barcelona itself is very disgusted at the statue recently erected to the Anarchist in Brussels, and the Municipal Council, with the Mayor at its head and including even the radical councillor and leader Leroux, has passed a resolution energetically protesting against any monument to the Anarchist as an insult to Spain.

Dom Bosco Messenger.

BROTHERHOOD

Ah! what sorry Catholics are they, who * * * have not even enough charity to live in the world in union with their fellow men!

The sacrifice of the Mass supposes brotherhood among men. How many Christians ever think of offering it to My Father for their brethren?

The "Our Father" supposes brotherhood. How many of My children have the intention of reciting it in this spirit of love?

The Holy Eucharist supposes brotherhood. How many Christians approach it with brotherly love in their hearts?

The communion of saints supposes brotherhood. How many Christians on earth think of asking assistance for their brethren from the Christians in heaven?

In all My works there is union. I have united men with My Father, earth with heaven, the children of Adam with grace. If I detest sin it is because it separates man from God, and from his fellow men.

You are My disciples, you are My friends, you are My brethren, you are My sons. Do you value these titles as you should? By what good works do you make return for them?

GABRIEL PALAU, S.J.

MY LADY

By FRANCES HELEN WELLS

A DAUGHTER OF THE ATONEMENT EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE

I dreamed one night of a Lady,
  Of a Lady,—Oh, so fair!
Her eyes gazed up at the cloudless sky,
  As she pictured the secrets there.

Ah, I know she caught the sunshine
  In the shimmer of her hair,
She turned and smiled upon me
  And her fragrance filled the air!

I told her all my troubles,
  And she seemed to understand,
For with a gracious gesture
  In her's she put my hand.

Oh, she filled my heart with gladness,
  And all sorrow sped away,
As she smiled again and told me,
  She would take me there some day

Then the angels soft returning,
  Took the gems out of the sky,
And from its bed of ocean blue,
  The sun came—rising high.

I turned—but lo, my Lady
  Had vanished through the air,
But she left a ray of sunshine
  From the shimmer of her hair.

The latest Catholic census for China shows a total Catholic population of 1,509,944. Last year this figure was stated as 1,451,258. The increase is, therefore, 78,666. In reality it is even more because some of the Vicariates Apostolic there kept the figures of 1912 or even those of 1911 and 1910. The increase would be something like 52 per 1,000. The Chinese Catholics have 51 Bishops, 1,422 European and 746 Chinese priests to minister to them.

THE ROMEWARD TREND AMONG ANGLICANS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the functions of* THE LAMP *is to throw light on what the English "Church Times" has called "the Romeward Drift" in the Anglican Body, in order that our readers may keep in intelligent sympathy with what constitutes from the Church Unity standpoint one of the most hopeful features of Anglicanism. What the extremely advanced Anglicans call "the Catholic Revival" in the Episcopal Church is still a minority movement but it is the same identical movement which landed Cardinals Newman and Manning on the Rock of Peter and has brought sixty Church of England clergymen into the Catholic Church within the last five years. The viewpoint of these Catholic-minded Anglicans and how they converse among themselves is interestingly illustrated by the following unaltered reprint from "The American Catholic," the leading High Church monthly of the Episcopal Church in the United States. It is published at Los Angeles, California, subscription price, $1.00 a year.*

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By A TENDERFOOT

I had been "doing" Los Angeles, Pasadena and the cities by the Pacific Ocean and began to look with longing eyes towards the wonderful valley to the eastward, a country by itself, guarded on the south by the low coast range and on the north and east by the glorious Sierra Madre, the magnificent peaks of San Antonio, San Bernardino and Grayback. I wanted to see this Garden of Eden, but Sunday was approaching, and I wished to know something of the Catholic work in what the old Californian calls "this Section." "You can do both"—said a friend—"run out to Ontario; you will be in what is to-day the most prosperous part of Southern California and at the same time you will see a country cure which is a practical Catholic parish."

As it happened, I had a letter to Fr. Gushee, the Rector of Christ Church, Ontario, and I took the trolley on Saturday afternoon through the most charming agricultural country I have ever seen. There is a certain romance to the Southerner in orange groves. They seem to us to be the right setting for a novel, not the agents of a big industry; and yet I found during this trip that they have been money coiners.

Our road was running nearer and nearer to the mountains when presently we turned into a magnificent double avenue with a parkway in the center through whose arch of pepper trees we sped. It was the avenue which runs from the base of great mountains, eight and ten thousand feet high, down to Ontario; on either side of us were lemons and grape-fruit, oranges and flower-covered houses. At risk of an extra walk I said to the motorman, "I want to get off at the Catholic church." Presently he pulled up. "There it is," he said, and on the corner of a business block, half hidden by the trees, stood a church and rectory. I went into the cool, dark interior, way up to the sanctuary rail, where the light told of the Presence. Then I went to the Lady Chapel to pay my duty to the Mother of my Lord.

THE REV. A. M. SMITH
Rector of St. Matthias', Los Angeles

Sunday morning I made my communion at the early Mass, and at eleven A. M. I attended the Parish Mass. I had been told that the functions in the Ontario parish were magnificent and the ceremonial perfect, but this service was so simple that it struck me one must be a good deal of a Catholic to appreciate it.

The sermon was on the dew from Heaven refreshing Mt. Zion. Presently the preacher paused. Then he said: "We are going to offer the Mass to-day in thanksgiving for the twenty-thousand-dollar legacy to St. Matthias', Los Angeles. It is going to mean a great deal to the Catholic cause in Southern California. It is going to help the people of St. Matthias to go on with the magnificent temple which they are building for the Lord Jesus." Just then I pulled out my reporter's pad. "All of you people," he went on, "are bound to bring the dew from Heaven to refresh the Hill of Zion

in this way. But, one moment. There is another way of beautifying Mt. Zion, the way Fr. Smith, the Rector of St. Matthias', has adorned and honored the temple. It is the loving life of Fr. Smith, the earnest, loyal, devoted life of his people which have brought the dew from Heaven to refresh the City of God.

"Oh, the wonderful beauty of the dew of Christian characters glistening on the walls of God's temple! I shall say to-morrow the anniversary requiem for Henry Ely. It was to his steadfastness, strength and love that St. Matthias' began on a firm Catholic basis. He brought everything, all his faculties, all his powers, and they were great, to refresh Mt. Zion. But here is something I want you to note, my people, this: Ely's life was not just a dutiful life. It was a delightful life; a life which made people eager to be with this man dying by inches of the terrible consumption scourge, not eager to be with him for *his* sake, but for *their own* sakes; because he was delightful, carried you out of yourselves, because he had carried himself out of himself, because he had won some of the Spirit of the 'Great Athlete of the Cross.'"

THE FUTURE CHURCH OF ST. MATTHIAS

After lunch I appeared at the Rectory armed with my letter of introduction. "I am going to write an article for THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC on the Catholic cause in Southern California," I said. "Will Fr. Wilson put it in?" "Certainly he will"—and then there was a twinkle in Fr. Gushee's eye—"if it is interesting."

"Well, that depends on you, Father," I countered. "I am going to interview you." "Fire ahead." "You have been here a good while. Tell me of the conditions when you first came." "Gladly; and herein you will see what a marvelous growth the Catholic revival has had. When I came to Los Angeles twenty-three years ago, not only was such a parish as this of St. Matthias' unheard of, but there was no weekly celebration of the Holy Communion in any church in the city of Los Angeles. Confession! I have traveled from here to San Francisco to go to my duties. There have been the usual mistakes, of course, and a variety of fancy ritual. I remember one good priest who used to wear a surplice over an alb for Mass and another who figured in a damask chasuble at a wedding. Another had a boy bring in his biretta in pomp, and he stuck it on his head for the sermon in a church where there were not even altar lights! We have had chasubles covering full stomachs; incense and all the six points with no daily Mass, but with all these mistakes we have had devotion, loyalty and—*persecution, Laus Deo! We are few, but we are growing and we are respected.*" "But, Father, is is about twenty years, is it not, since the Catholic Revival started here, and you are very weak?" "Softly now. It takes me about five years to make a Catholic. I mean the real article, the whole thing. There are two families left in my parish who were here when I came. I reckon I have made about five hundred

Catholics who are round about leavening the church. Recollect you cannot judge the force of the Catholic Revival by parishes which are distinctively Catholic. You should go to the early Masses in other parishes and see the leaven working. It is the Mass that matters. Over against no Mass of a Sunday in Los Angeles twenty-three years ago, I do not think there is now any parish which has not a weekly Mass.

"Then look at St. Matthias'. That parish is going to be a power in Los Angeles, and its success has been the success which comes from holy lives, self-sacrifice and prayer. They have been building up their parish on the right lines, and they have had enthusiasm. They are going to have, in time, one of the most beautiful churches in the country. Here is a photograph of the altar. We have a religious architect out here, Mr. Hubert Frohman, nephew of Mr. Hubert, in whose memory the altar was given. That altar is unique. It is made of tiles. The coloring is exquisite. You would think it was unearthed from an age-old cathedral. Now it is the high altar in the crypt, the only part of the church as yet finished, but eventually it is to be in the Lady Chapel. And the church when completed will be an exponent of all that is best in American church architecture." "Are there any other churches I ought to go to see?" "Yes, there has been self-denying, heroic work done, and it is still being done, at the Ascension, Boyle Heights. Then there is Fr. Wilson's private chapel on Catalina Island. Then there is the work of Fr. de Garmo at Redondo Beach. It is unique. It is one of our places of pilgrimage. There is a priest of zeal and deep spirituality—not that pseudo-spirituality which excuses itself from loyalty. The influence of Fr. de Garmo's unselfish, devoted and holy life is felt among the clergy of all schools of thought. He is the most revered priest in the diocese."

MOTHERS

Such utter bliss as mothers know
None but the mothers share,
When God has given a little one
Into their tender care.

Such joy and pride as mothers feel
None but the mothers know,
When day by day the precious ones
To fairer promise grow.

Such anxious vigils o'er the sick
None but the mothers keep;
With selfless sacrifice they serve,
Foregoing rest and sleep.

The grief that stricken mothers feel
None but the mothers know,
When from their vainly clasping arms
The winsome children go.

No love in all the world so strong,
No love so deep and pure;
Through absence and through waywardness
That love will still endure.

The prayers that swiftest wing to heaven
Are those the mothers pray;
For in the thoughts of Mary's Son,
The mothers 'bide always!

EMMA A. LENTE.

Dr. JOHN J. HOGAN
Member of N. Y. Council K. of C.
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St. Anthony's Corner

OUR Bread Fund Report this month for the first passes the three hundred dollar mark and to St. Anthony is due our most grateful thanks. Not only has our own need been greater than usual owing to the great amount of building we have been compelled to do to keep pace with the growth of our congregation, but the needs of the mission field are desperate and the higher soars the Bread Fund the larger the share which goes to the missionaries.

Earlier in the month it looked as though September would make the poorest showing in a long time, but one gift of fifty dollars and another of one hundred dollars sent the September record bounding upward to the high water mark. Even the financial depression due to the European War is not proof against the wonder-working power of St. Anthony.

PADUA'S SAINT

Courtesy of Annals of St. Anthony's Shrine

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF FAVORS GRANTED

Dear Father—Enclosed find $2 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a favor received. Rev. P. L. B.
New York, N. Y.,
Aug. 25, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving for a favor received through the invocation of St. Anthony. A Benefactor.
New York, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1914

Dear Father—Enclosed find $4 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for favors received. A Friend.
Black Point, Conn., Aug. 29, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a favor received. C. R.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 10, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a great favor received. H. D.
Rochester, N. Y.,
Aug. 9, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for cure of rheumatism. I. C. V.
Glens Falls, N. Y.,
Sept. 9, 1914.

Dear Father—I enclose herewith $2 to cover July and August thanksgivings to St. Anthony for past favors. K. A. C.
New York, N. Y.,
Sept. 9, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $20 in thanksgiving to good St. Anthony for favors received. M. M. M.
New York, N. Y.,
Sept. 3, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a favor received. M. D.
Newport, R. I.,
Sept. 8 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find an offering for St. Anthony's Bread in thanksgiving for a favor received. M. M. C.
Palo Alto, Pa.,
Sept. 3, 1914.

Dear Father—It gives me great pleasure to announce that St. Anthony has granted my requests far in excess of what I had hoped for. It is indeed remarkable that I have been trying for some years to get those requests, but without success, until my appeal to St. Anthony, which was granted in a few weeks. I enclose $2 for St. Anthony's Bread, and will continue to remember them. P. J. F.
Monticello, N. Y., September 9, 1914.

Dear Father—In the Novena I asked for a position for my son. He has now obtained work after being without anything to do for almost ten months.
Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1914. Mrs. A. R.

Dear Father—In the Novena I asked for the complete recovery of my little brother, who had contracted diphtheria. He has now fully recovered. A. McB.
Rutland, Vt., Sept. 8, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find an offering for St. Anthony's Bread in thanksgiving for a favor received.
New York, N. Y., Sept., 8, 1914. M. C.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for a favor received. Mrs. D.
New York, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 for St. Anthony's Bread in thanksgiving for a favor received. E. T.
Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $4 for St. Anthony's Bread in return for favors received. H. J. B.
Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 7, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 promised St. Anthony's Bread if flats were rented as requested in the Novena.
New York, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1914 M. A. O'R.

Dear Rev. Father—Enclosed you will find check for two dollars, for two of my petitions have been granted through the intercession of St. Anthony. Mrs. R.
Highland Falls, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1914.

Rev. and Dear Father—I am enclosing $1 for St. Anthony's Fund. My niece, who was seriously ill, has been restored to health. N. F. McM.
Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1914.

Dear Father—I am enclosing $1 for St. Anthony for a favor received through his intercession. N. W.
Queenstown, Md., Sept. 14, 1914.

Dear Father—The enclosed $1 is from Miss M. L. in thanksgiving for a temporal favor granted. K. M. C.
New York, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 for St. Anthony's Bread in thanksgiving for a favor received.
Washington, D. C., Sept. 11, 1914. Mrs. M. S.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 for favor received, which I promised towards St. Anthony's Bread Fund.
Tower City, Pa., Sept. 11, 1914. E. T. D.

Dear Father—For two months I have asked for two favors, and at last they have been granted through the intercession of St. Anthony. I will soon send a small offering. Mrs. C. D.
Danville, Pa., Sept. 14, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $1 for St. Anthony's Bread in thanksgiving for favor received.
Mrs. B. Mc.
New York, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1914.

Rev. Father—Enclosed find $4 for St. Anthony's Bread for a favor received.
A Subscriber to THE LAMP.
Port Washington, L. I., N. Y., Sept. 14, 1914.

My Dear Father Paul—I have just heard that I won my motion for a change of place of trial of my case, and I want you all to know how thankful I am for all your prayers, and also to St. Anthony. You will hear hear from me very shortly. Oh, how my heart goes out to you all, and I feel so thankful tonight that I cannot express myself! F.
——, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1914.

Dear Father—Enclosed find $3 as part of amount promised to St. Anthony's Bread in thanksgiving for a favor received. M. C.
Washington D. C., Sept. 14, 1914

BREAD FUND REPORT

Aug. 31—J. W. B., $2; C. L., $1; E. B., $1; P. J. B., $2; J. L., $1; Rev. M. A. L., $10; Sept. 1—H. S. K., $1; N. C., 50c; A. J., $1; 2—A Friend, $2; 3—G. F. & W. J. B., $5; M. A. S., $1; 4—G. M., $5; T. A., $1; M. W., $4; E. R. R., $5; C. F., $1; H. P. & R. M. P., $1; N. N., 50c; J. B. H., $1; C. G., $1; C. M. N., $1; M. B. S., $1; T. J. M., $1; 5—C. M., $1; Cam., $1; 7—E. F., $3; M. C., 25c; Rev. M. C., $1; J. C. B., $1; 8—C. M. N., $1; G. A. M., 50c; M. A. W., $2; M. A. L., $2; N. C., 50c; 10—H. J. B., $4; E. T., $1; E. C., $1; M. E. G., $1; M. M. M., $20; A. McB., $1; K. A. C., $2; 11—J. A., $2; M. D., $1; C. M., $2; J. C. V., $1; J. B., 50c; M. J. O., $1; M. R., $1; C. M., $1; M. R., $1; H. P., $1; D. M. C., 50c; 12—M. A. R., $1; C. E. C., $2; J. E., $1.25; 14—M. L., $1; N. E. M., $1; J. M., $1; E. D., $1; M. S., $1; 15—E. P., $1; B. Mc, $1; P. C. G., $4; F. V. C., $1; M. M., $1; Sr. M. C., $1; Rev. E. J. D. $50; E. D., $1; 16—M. C. W., $3; W. L., $1; K. A. B., $1; Mrs. R., $2; G. M. K., $1; C. M. N., $1; 17—H. L., $1; J. C. L., 25c; Rev. A. J. K., $1; R. D., $1; A. W., $1; C. O., $1; M. A. S., $1; 18—L. A. D., $1; E. G. C., $1; 19—I. B., $5; A. C., $1; Mrs. M., 25c; P. J. W., $5; J. B., 50c; M. B., $4; Mrs. M., $1; 21—A. R., $1; M. D., $1; E. E. K., $2.50; K. T. G., $100; M. G. C., $1; C. P. C., $1; 22—G. M. L., $1; F. M. H., $1; R. P., $1; K. K., $1; F. M., 25c; E. C., $1; 23—G. F. F., 25c; E. W., $1; C. G. O., $1; S. S., $1; R. H., $1; 24—K. L., $2; T. S., $2; G. E., $1; M. M., $1; Rev. E. M., $3; 25—G. M. W., $1; A. S. G., 1; M. M., $1; 26—E. B. B., $1; I. G. A., $1; M. L., $1; J. L., $1; Rev. A. M., $4.

Total from August 28 to September 26, $352.95.

Rosary League Page

LETTER FROM THE FATHER SUPERIOR

Dear Children of the Atonement:

I trust you will all read with a great deal of interest this month's chapter in "The Origin and History of the Society of the Atonement, because it is the story of how the Rosary League was founded in October, 1901. This, then, is the beginning of the *fourteenth year* of the League's existence, and I am going to ask every member to unite with every other member in a zealous and well sustained effort to make this the banner year for growth of membership and increase of usefulness for our Rosary Sodality. Permit me, therefore, to outline a campaign of extension in which every individual member of the League can take a hand:

OUR LADY'S SHRINE IN THE CONVENT CHAPEL

1. Have the Rosary League Manual always on your prayer table and say the prayers of the Children of the Atonement faithfully every day.

2. Keep a supply of the Manuals on hand and give them to your friends as opportunity offers recommending them to join the League. The Manuals can be ordered from THE LAMP at a penny apiece, or ten cents a dozen.

3. Always wear your Medal in full view and have a supply of these also on hand to give to those who will want to follow your example and who will willingly pay you the trifling sum the Medal costs. The Medals are to be ordered from THE LAMP; price in white metal 5 cents each, 50 cents a dozen; in bronze metal, 10 cents each, $1.00 a dozen. They are provided with or without stick pin, and some have a pin bar; all the same price. In ordering state what kind you wish.

4. If you have the time to attend to it become a Promoter, just as some of your zealous fellow Catholics are promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. The Fathers of the Atonement, or the Sisters, will supply you with special literature for the purpose upon application. This is in fact one of the very best ways of extending the League. We need and ought to have a great many more promoters. When any Promoter has formed a band of seven or more members, we call it a chaplet, and such chaplets should be very numerous.

5. One of the most successful ways of winning new members to the League is by telling your neighbors about the Novena of Last Resort. If they become sufficiently interested to join in the observance of this Novena, they not only are likely to ask to be enrolled in the League, but to become subscribers to THE LAMP.

During the month of October, wherever it is possible, I hope there will be the family recitation of the Rosary every evening, and that the General Intention for the speedy ending of the European, Asiatic and Mexican wars will be remembered by all.

FACSIMILE OF MEDAL

May our most loving and most beloved Lady of the Atonement pray for us "poor banished children of Eve" that "from our exile in this vale of tears" we may be conducted

in safety to our celestial home, "Jerusalem, the golden, with milk and honey blest."

"Where stand those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

"There is the throne of David;
And there from care released
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white."

PAUL JAMES FRANCIS, S.A.

THANKSGIVINGS RENDERED TO OUR LADY OF THE ATONEMENT

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving for a favor received through the Novena of Last Resort. I asked for better health and notice an improvement.
M. R.
Union Hill, N. J., Aug. 17, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Please find enclosed check for $5, my offering for a favor received through the Novena of Last Resort. K. S.
Columbus, O., Aug. 14, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $2 in thanksgiving for a favor received through the Novena of Last Resort.
Mrs. A. McM.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 25, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $2, an offering to Our Lady of the Atonement, under whose protection I put my baby when she was very ill by pinning on her clothes one of the medals. She recovered.
M. E. C. K.
New York, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1914.

Dear Sisters—I gratefully acknowledge the answer to my last petition and enclose offering.
Mrs. G. E. M.
Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement for a favor received.
Mrs. M. C.
Nesquehoning, Pa., Aug. 25, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement for a favor received through the Novena. Mrs. J. F.
Corning, O., Aug. 30, 1914.

Dear Sisters—In fulfillment of the promise I made, I enclose $1 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement for three favors granted. Sr. M. A.
Boston, Mass., Aug. 30, 1914.

Dear Sisters—God in His goodness has granted the favors I requested in the Novena. Mrs. J. D.
Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 1, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement. My brother's change has greatly encouraged me. M. A. H.
Lakewood, O., Aug. 27, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find an offering to Our Lady of the Atonement for favor granted. Mrs. J. B.
West Avoca, Pa., Aug. 31, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $4 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement for a favor received.
A Subscriber.
New York, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $10 in thanksgiving for favors received through the Novena. Mrs. B. C.
New York, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Through your pious prayers and the powerful intercession of Our Lady of the Atonement some of the favors requested were received.
M. J. H.
Crescent Beach, Conn., Aug. 29, 1914.

Dear Sisters—I got my request—a position for my brother. N. B.
Hazleton, Pa., Aug. 31, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Many thanks to Our Lady of the Atonement for getting me two tenants for apartments, as requested in the Novena. Mrs. E. J. C.
New York, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find offering in thanksgiving for cure of sickness, through the Novena. T. M.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 3, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement for favors received.
Altoona, Pa., Sept. 2, 1914. Mrs. M. K.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find offering for Masses in thanksgiving for favors received through Our Lady of the Atonement. M. S.

Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 2, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement for favors received. Mrs. G. H.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 31, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Atonement for favors received. C. S.

Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1914.

Dear Sisters—In the Novena I asked for an advance in position and it was granted. M. M. M.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 4, 1914.

Dear Sisters—I asked a special blessing for my daughter in the Novena and it was granted. Mrs. T. G.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 3, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $2 in thanksgiving for favors requested. Mrs. C. M.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 8, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed find $2 in thanksgiving for favors received through the Novena, from Mrs. J. H. and Mrs. B. R. Mrs. B. R.

Carbondale, Pa., Sept. 5, 1914.

Dear Sisters—I am very thankful to all the Sisters. The operation on my brother was successful and he is doing nicely. L. S.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 8, 1914.

Dear Sisters—I am so proud to let you know that my daughter gave up the bad companions and returned to the Sacraments. Enclosed you will find $1 as an offering. Please keep on praying for me and my family. Mrs. H.

———, Sept. 9, 1914.

Dear Sisters—I wish to thank Our Blessed Lady, and also you, dear Sisters, for helping me to obtain my request. . . . I am now home again from the hospital with my baby and we are gaining every day. Mrs. F. L.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Last month I asked you to put my petition in the N. I. R., and I am glad to say that my request was granted. I enclose $2. Pray for me. H. S.

Bronx, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1914.

Dear Sisters—Enclosed you will find $1 in thanksgiving for a favor granted. Mrs. R. F. B.

New York, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1914.

Dear Sisters—In thanksgiving for a favor granted you will find enclosed $1. N. B.

Richfield Springs, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1914.

Dear Sisters—My request was granted. I am sorry I was not able to send an offering before this time, and I am enclosing $1 now. M. S.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Sept. 10, 1914.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

Speedy ending of European, Asiatic and Mexican wars.

INTERCESSIONS

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R. I. P.—John Harkins, Michael and Anne O'Malley, Mrs. Garley, the sister of Mrs. Scotis, Ludwig Zulinski, Mr. Maher, Michael, William and Arthur Cahill, Mary Meade, a father, a brother and a sister, Michael and his wife, a son, the departed members of the Carey family, Daniel and Thomas O'Connor, Teresa Junicon; for 115 souls; all those who have been slain in the present war.

EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

A Word to "Semper Fidelis"

Editor of The Lamp, *Garrison, N. Y.:*

Dear Sir—I have received from Cincinnati, Ohio, a letter signed "Semper Fidelis," and giving no street address. The letter is in connection with my condemnation of *The Menace* and is partly laudatory and partly controversial. I do not care to enter into any controversy through the press, but if "Semper Fidelis" will let me know his street address I shall be glad to write to him personally.

Faithfully yours,

William H. Watts.

St. Mary's Rectory,
Haledon, N. J.,
Sept. 18, 1914.

"Turn Not Away from the Orphan's Cry"

Rev. Dear Father—Kindly pardon these few lines, but they are addressed in the name of many orphans in a poor orphanage. With an epidemic of diphtheria sweeping through the institution and the United States Board of Health giving commands, and no funds, the hour of unrest has surely come.

Owing to the existence of the Bubonic Plague in our city, we have been notified by the esteemed health officials to have the orphanage made sanitary, rat-proof, etc., and as soon as possible. So we are soliciting aid to meet an expenditure of eight thousand dollars ($8,000), and as it has pleased Heaven to visit us with many anxieties, surely you will not turn away from the orphan's cry.

Our beloved Archbishop, whose heart is larger than his purse, charitably donated fifty dollars ($50) to start the fund and stated in his beautiful letter that he thought with the aid of the numerous friends of the Sisters of Mercy throughout the land, all necessary compliances of the United States Board of Health will be met.

Having stated clearly the facts, we earnestly solicit your prompt and generous aid. Doubtless there are many calls on your benevolence, but none can be more worthy of notice than this urgent appeal of St. Alphonsus' Orphans.

Awaiting an early reply, and assuring you of the daily prayers of the many innocent ones, I remain,

Very gratefully yours,

Sister M. Genevieve,
Superior.

St. Alphonsus Orphange,
Saratoga and Fourth Streets,
New Orleans, La., Sept. 21, 1914.

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BOOK NOTES

PLAINSONG AT HOLY CROSS. *By Rev. Charles Winfrid Douglas, St. Mary's Convent, Peekskill, N. Y.*

We acknowledge with keen appreciation this fine tribute in verse to Gregorian plainsong from the author, who went to headquarters, even to the Benedictine Fathers at Solesme, and acquired at first hand a correct knowledge of the divine chant, then returned to America, and as an Anglican clergyman began to impart his knowledge to such institutions of the Episcopal Church in this country as the theological seminary at Nashotah, the Sisters of St. Mary, at Peekskill, and the monastic order of the Holy Cross at West Park, N. Y. In this poem the Rev. Charles Winfrid Douglas reveals in verse of no mean kind his passionate love of the Church's plainsong, and incidentally gives a pleasing picture of the life of work and praise carried out with such commendable fidelity by the Holy Cross congregation at West Park. As evidence of what we have just written we submit the concluding lines of the poem:

Far in the valley there stands a house of men who have given
All that they have, and are, and hope to be, for a vision;
Yea, of the City of God: they are soldiers of no mean city
Fighting the fight and working the works of the Nazarene Captain.

Surely the work of God is manifold: part for the creature,
(Seeing Christ's Body is wounded and naked and starved and in prison)
Men to be healed and clothed and fed and freed for the battle
Under the Holy Cross. Now silence hushes that household
When it is working for men; and the Blessed Saints and our Lady
Look in the Convent and see the human wilderness blossom
Into a garden of roses, each yielding her sweet to some other:
Then are the Angels glad, and the little light by the Altar
Throbs to the beat of the Sacred Heart in the holy stillness.
But seven times daily, silence quivers to song, and the Opus
Dei rises from man to God in the quiet chapel;
Yea, the Body hymns Christ the Head in the songs of Zion.

Dearest to Jesus Christ of all the treasures of beauty
That man, in the image of God, hath made to show forth his glory;
Dearer than that great tent the cunning artificers fashioned,
Fairer than purple curtains, or brazen sea with its oxen,
Sweeter than altar of incense, or seven-branched lamp, more lovely
Than golden ark with the law and manna and rod that budded
Under the mercy seat, or cherubim folded above it,
Nobler than his great temple that royal Solomon builded,
Or that which his infant eyes beheld as the old priest blessed him,
And Mary offered the doves, and the house and the greater glory;
Yea, with a friendly dearness, from carpenter's bench to Golgotha
Sounds the Psalter of David, the man after God's own heart.

One is the Root of the Psalms, the promised eternal Messiah:
Forth of it spring the branches in mystic prophetical order,
Ten times fifteen stems, and the royal blood of the Saviour
Decks them with red: so they, with the perfect blossoms upon them
Two by two in symmetrical fairness and Heaven's own color,
Sway in the wind of many-voiced worship before the high Altar;
Sway, but never alone, for darting and drifting and soaring,
Following flower by flower with miraculous sureness and swiftness,
Drawing the sweet from each, then flashing on to another.
Hover the humble butterflies eight, with their gold and their azure
Bright to the heart that praises God: the Tones of the Plainsong.

HINTS ON PREACHING. *By Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor, pp. 75; price, 25c. J. J. McVey Co., 1229 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Every Catholic sermon is good because it is true. What our priests need chiefly is to study delivery, and those who practise sacred eloquence cannot fail to derive benefit from this very practical book. The author, a preacher of conspicuous talent and large experience, deals with every phase of the arduous work with chapters on the fundamental law of vocal delivery, the natural manner, the cultivation of the voice, gesture, the style of a sermon, the public reading of English devotions and other ramifications of this important subject. Father O'Connor's book will be sure of a hearty welcome from the reverend clergy. H. A. A.

HISTORY OF POPE BONIFACE VIII AND HIS TIMES. *By Rev. Louis Tosti, O.S.B. Translated from the Italian by Mgr. Eugene J. Donnelly, V.F.; pp. 546; price, $2.50.*

At the close of this admirable work the author modestly ventures: "We do not know if this poor history has succeeded in removing from Boniface, the Italian, that infamy with which both his countrymen and foreigners wished to darken his name." With greater confidence in the merits of this history than is evinced by the humble monk of Monte Cassino, we believe that the courageous Gætani is at last fully vindicated, and earnestly hope with the author that the ashes of the famous Pope may be brought from the obscure crypts of the Vatican, where they now rest, into the light of St. Peter's Basilica, in order that the lineaments of his funeral statue may be before the whole world, a monument of Italian firmness. To the herculean task of unearthing the facts about the supposedly wicked Boniface from the debris of slander piled upon him by Protestants and Catholics alike, the reverend historian has brought deep learning and inexorable logic. There is not a dry page in the whole lengthy defense, and the proofs are accompanied by a mass of documentary evidence from the most approved sources.

The work breathes the true spirit of the historian, and in its compilation the author has had free access to many unpublished documents in the Vatican archives, and to have drawn from them information of the greatest value. The worth of the book is enhanced rather than depreciated by its presentation to the public in an English dress, for Mgr. Donnelly has exercised unerring taste in his labors, preserving the graceful flow of the original Italian while adding an English style of enviable charm and distinction. The translator's scholarly Preface may be read profitably by all students of history. Therein we are informed that the book is not a controversial work and that it has not been written with the view of reviving doctrines which, confessedly, exercised a salutary sway in the Middle Ages, but of which no one dreams of seeing exercised in the actual state of the world, at this hour, when the Church, very far from claiming an interference in the temporal affairs of states, prefers rather to preserve her incontestable spiritual rights. The work is merely a historical reparation for crushing injustice to one of the colossal figures of all time, a satisfaction due morality and society, and in this aspect it is truly impressive.

Boniface personified the Supreme Pontificate in the beginning of the 14th century. Behind him lay the infancy of human society, or the Middle Ages; before him this same society full-grown, or the Renaissance. The intrepid Gætani took the position of arbiter between the two vast epochs. He combatted in the Middle Ages the tyranny of princes, and in the Renaissance the indocility of the people, who, emboldened by youth, sought to be freed from a guardianship which they considered useless and a restraint upon their liberty, and besieged the Papal throne with the demand, like the prodigal son in the Gospel: "Give me the portion of substance that falleth to me." In Boniface, the Papacy, vexed in front by the bold bearing of the Renaissance and harassed behind by a force unfriendly to it and to the people, saw its guardianship cease. This Pope was extraordinarily versatile. Before his ordination he was known far and wide for his knowledge of civil law, and his fame as a lawyer has been preserved and handed down to the present day by a collection of laws called "The Gætani Code of Laws." He was considered the first canonist of his age, an admirer of the fine arts and a strong and liberal patron and protector of artists. He embellished cities with works of art and opened to divine worship many beautiful cathedrals. He invited the celebrated Giotto to Rome, and engaged him to decorate the churches of St. Peter and St. John Lateran. The Sixth Book of the Decretals will attest his literary acquirements as long as the Church of God shall last. He increased the solemnity of the feasts of the four Evangelists, and raised the feasts of the four Latin Doctors, Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome and Gregory, a degree higher. He composed the hymn "*Ave Virgo Gloriosa*" and the prayer "*Deus, qui pro redemptione mundi*"; and he left five orations on the canonization of St. Louis, the purity and elegance of whose Latin is still much admired. General science owes to him the foundation of the University of the Sapienza at Rome, as well as the University at Fermo. Religion owes to him the consoling institution of the Jubilee, the most beautiful conception of his Pontificate. The chief reproaches that are brought against Boniface VIII relate to the abdication of Celestine V and the latter's imprisonment; his own election to the Papacy; the quarrel that arose between him and the Colonna family and Philip the Fair. These charges are skillfully met and refuted in the course of this history. Boniface during all his reign strove to maintain the rights of the Church and of the Holy See as he had received them from his predecessors. He aimed at nothing else but to preserve intact these same rights of the Church, not only in the sanctuary, but also in the heart of civil society itself, over the temporal destinies of which he could no more cease to preside than the soul over the purely material functions of the body. Philip the Fair was determined to thwart him and rule independent of any spiritual control, a resolve which added many fretful pages to history for or against Guelph or Ghibelline. Dante, prejudiced by his political views, placed Boniface in a metrical hell, but he spoke with the usual license of a poet. The figure of this great Pope can be justly compared with that of Innocent III or Gregory IX. Like them, he solemnly affirmed the pontifical authority; like them, he fought princes with a stubbornness which was only equaled by the consciousness he had of his own rights. By sumptuous ceremonies, by striking and eloquent Bulls, he manifested to the world the grandeur and power of the Papacy. The Pontificate of Boniface VIII was a transition period. It marked the sinking of the Papal power and the rising of the secular state-idea hostile to the Church, which has such an un-

fortunate prominence in our own time. Cardinal Wiseman has written: "Although the character of Boniface was certainly stern and inflexible, there is not a sign of it having been cruel or revengeful. Throughout the whole of his history not an instance can be found of his having punished an enemy with death. When he was returning to Rome, after his liberation, in a triumph never before witnessed, Cardinal Stephanesius tells us that his principal enemy, Nogaret, or Sciarra Colonna, was seized by the people and brought before him, that he might deal with him as he pleased; he freely pardoned him and let him go. So, likewise, when Fra Jacopone fell into his hands, he dealt leniently with him and confined him, where others would have treated the offense as capital. These examples of forgiveness and gentleness ought surely to have due weight in estimating the Pope's character." With the translator we must exclaim: "May justice and truth prevail regarding this great, learned and magnanimous Pope, and may he have the place he merits among the Sovereign Pontiffs, which is among the highest and the greatest."

H. A. A.

THE DRINK QUESTION. *By the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J.; pp. 106; price, 6d. net. P. S. King & Co., Orchard House, Westminster, London, Eng.*

In this excellent manual, which is the seventh of a series of Catholic studies in social reform, the reverend editor of our esteemed contemporary, *The Month*, has admirably summed up the teaching of the Church on the subject of drinking. In six logically arranged chapters the nature, history, ethics, economics and solution of the question are fully set forth. The Church lends no countenance to the idea that alcohol is anything evil *in se*. Nothing that God has created is or can be evil *in se*, however much it may be abused. Of all that He made it is written, "He saw that it was good." Those temperance bodies who hold that alcohol is intrinsically an evil thing, or so inevitably bound up with evil that they cannot practically be dissociated, simply revive the Manichæan heresy of the dual origin of material things. Alcohol has its lawful place in the scheme of things, and its claims, however limited, must be recognized. To the Christian belongs the hard task of discriminating between use and abuse, of enforcing law without duly infringing liberty. "Drink is the work of God, but drunkenness is the work of man."

The Catholic Church teaches that complete drunkenness is as such a mortal sin, one of the deadly seven, for God has endowed man with an intellect to be the guide of his conduct, and it is therefore unlawful for him to withdraw from that guidance by such over-indulgence in drink as results in the temporary loss of reason and reduces him to the level of the beasts or below it. He is evading his responsibilities as a servant of his Creator. Since there are many stages in formal drunkenness before the sleep of stupor is reached, the drunkard, whilst lost to the control of reason, is still able to carry out the promptings of his lower appetites. If, therefore, a person consciously and willingly drinks to excess, so that he is no longer able to distinguish between good and evil, he sins grievously, even though his incapacity does not lead him into further wrong doing. Moreover, he is accountable for any evil he may foresee that he will do in that state. Even the civil law holds him responsible for his conduct, unless indeed he can prove he became drunk accidentally. The drinking habits which so easily lead to excess are, like other social customs, largely a matter of example, and the solution of the numerous problems brought into being by the abuse of drink will be found ultimately to lie in the hands of resolute men and women, inspired by love of God and their neighbor, and united in enlightened associations pledged to take all legitimate means to overthrow the tyranny of alcohol by example, by instruction, by legislation and by prayer. The social custom of drinking is not, as many think, necessarily ineradicable; like all the other frailties of human nature it is perfectly amenable to the power of divine grace. Father Keating brings to the question under debate profound knowledge and mature wisdom, and none of the remedies he suggests will be found lacking either in moderation or in insight.

H. A. A.

THE TEACHING OF SEX HYGIENE IN OUR SCHOOLS. *By Rev. Francis Heiermann, S.J.; pp. 20; price, 5c per copy, or $4.00 per hundred, with discount for purchases in large quantities. Central Bureau of the Central verein, 307 Temple Building, St. Louis, Mo.*

The teaching of sex hygiene in the schools is being urged by so-called "advanced" educators and "social reformers" as a cure for immorality of the present day. In many places an effort has been made to introduce it as a regular part of the school curriculum. The position which Catholics, and, indeed, all right-thinking men and women, should take on this important question is acceptably outlined in the above-mentioned pamphlet. The treatise first appeared in the well known western medical journal, the *Lancet-Clinic*, and has elicited warm commendation from physicians, teachers and editorial writers, and the subject with which it deals is one on which Catholics forced to pay a double school tax should be fully informed.

H. A. A.

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A CATHOLIC MONTHLY

Published by the Society of the Atonement in the Interest of Church Unity and Missions

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